

TIONS!

HATS

Furnishings, Neck-
wear
and all the other
Men's and Boys'
Fixings in abun-
dant. Every de-
partment of our
store is alive with
new goods. Our
high quality stand-
ard, as usual, main-
tained.

44 Whitehall St.

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A great Silk season this.
We are amply prepared for
it. Every known style, every
fancy of the designers' art
and color and combination is
ready now for your inspec-
tion.

25 pieces printed Warp and
Novelty Silks, choice worth
\$1.50, will begin the season
Monday **At \$1.00**

Very special for tomorrow:
100 pieces 22-inch Taffeta
Broche and striped fancy and
Jacquard Silks, easily worth
75c and \$1.00, tomorrow only
At 59c

63 pieces high class Nov-
elty Printed Warp Silks,
Persian and Chinese effects,
worth \$1.75 to \$2.50, to-
morrow **\$1.50**

9 pieces rich Black Gros
Grain Brocades, so stylish
for this season, worth \$2.00,
opening price, **\$1.25**

10 pieces Black Satin
Duchesse and Black Faille
Silks, 89c heretofore, open-
ing price, **50c**

40 pieces natural Chantung
Silks, better known as Pon-
gee, linen shade, piece of
16 yards, tomorrow **At \$2.50**

Extra Good Values in Our
Hosiery Department.

150 dozen Ladies' Imported
Hose; full, regular made,
worth a quarter, **At 16c**

100 dozen Gents' best Maco
Cotton Half Hose, black and
tan, worth 25c, **At 16c**

175 dozen plain, black and
Richelieu ribbed Lisle thread
Hose, Hermsdorf black,
worth fifty cents, **At 25c**

200 dozen J. M. H. & Co.'s
3-for-a-dollar Misses' Hose,
best Lisle Thread, French
ribbed, double knee and foot,
worth forty cents, **At 25c**

First Floor.
Imported Wash Fabrics.
New Linen and Batiste Styles,
New Organdies, Etc.

Just received 20 pieces Lace-
plaid and striped Linens, de-
signs can't be excelled in the
south. Prices \$1.00 and \$1.50
per yard.

1800 yards dotted Linen
Swiss, 44 inches wide, worth
89c yard; special for **50c**

10 pieces Silk Warp Linen
Gauze, worth in any market
\$1.00; our price **65c**

25 pieces striped Linens,
would easily bring 40c, but
we only ask **29c**

20 pieces Plaid Linens for
Shirt Waists, with silk effect,
50 cents

6900 yards of the choicest
designs of Imported Dimities;
they would be cheap at
39c, but we will sell them at
25 cents

The largest assortment of
French Organdies that were
ever brought south to any
two houses are being shown
here; such a variety can't be
found elsewhere. Price **35c**

100 patterns of Imported
Zephyr Plisses; would be con-
sidered very cheap by com-
petitors at 45c, but the quan-
tity we buy enables us to sell
them for **29c**

125 Ladies' laundered Shirt
Waists at 25c each,
Worth 47c

175 Ladies' extra good Shirt
Waists, large collars, at 50c
each,
Worth 93c

15 dozen Ladies' "Derby"
Shirt Waists at 85c each,
Worth \$1.25

75 Ladies' and Misses'
Lawn, Dimity and Cham-
bray Shirt Waists at \$1
each,
Worth \$1.75

87 Ladies' Persian effect
Shirt Waists, \$1.50 each,
Worth \$3

69 Ladies' Taffeta Surah
Brocaded Silk Waists, \$5
each,
Worth \$9

There is true elegance in
every piece of Dress Goods
we show this season, so new
the shading and design.

30 Ladies' Figured Satin and
Silk Capes, silk lined, trim-
med in jet and lace, at \$5.00
each, **Worth \$9.00**

31 Ladies' black and colored
Capes, trimmed with ribbon
and lace, beautiful garment,
at \$5 each, **Worth \$8.50**

15 Ladies' Faille Silk Capes,
full sweeps, trimmed with
heavy jet, lace and rib-
bon, forming yoke and col-
lar, lined with silk, at \$8.50
each, **Worth \$15**

28 Ladies' Wool Suits, bla-
zer effect, tailor made, at
\$3.98 a suit, **Worth \$5.50**

37 Ladies' all wool Serge
Suits, silk lined coats, skirts
lined with cambric, at \$5.98
a suit, **Real value \$9.50**

35 Ladies' French Cut Reef-
er and Blazer Suits, coats
lined with changeable and
Persian silk; skirts lined
with Rustling Percales;
materials are Scotch Che-
viots, soft Cheviots, Serges,
Covert Cloth and small
checked Suitings, at \$15 a
suit, **Worth \$25**

50 pieces silk and wool No-
velties in Checks and Jac-
quard effects, worth \$1.25,
At 75c

33 pieces silk and wool Fan-
cies, worth \$1.25, to go
At 89c

19 pieces Granite Mixtures,
stylish for tailor made
Dresses, worth \$2, opening
price **\$1.39**

100 pieces Cheviots, Novelty
Checks, silk and wool Jac-
quards and Mohairs, worth
85c easily, opening price
50c

Mosambique Mohairs, lovely
styles, worth \$1.50, opening
price **\$1.00**

Ladies' 2-clasp Pique Kid
Gloves, in white, yellow and
dark colors, worth \$1.50 pair,
At \$1.00 pair

Ladies' 4-button Kid Gloves,
in all the newest shades,
embroidered backs,
At \$1.00 pair

Ladies' Foster Hook Kid
Gloves, in black and colors,
At 75c pair

We can please you in White
Goods.

45 pieces dotted Drapery
Swiss 40 inches wide, worth
25c, **At 15c**

3,500 yards Check Nainsooks,
a 7 1/2c value, **At 5c**

75 pieces Checked Dimity,
34 inches wide, a number
that was bought to sell for
25c, selling Monday **At 15c**

Pocketbooks, with sterling
silver tips, were 98c, for
Monday **49c**

Fancy Elastic, was 20c, for
Monday **10c**

Hair Pins, bundles, were 5c,
for Monday only **1c**

Solid Steel Scissors, worth
50c, for Monday **25c**

Kid Curlers, all sizes, **10c**

Bristle Tooth Brushes, worth
10c, Monday **5c**

Cotton Tape, in bundles,
worth 15c, now **5c**

Clinton Skirt Supporter,
only **5c**

Best Darning Cotton, per
ball only **2 1-2c**

1 lot Ladies' Muslin Gowns,
made Empire, high and V
neck, trimmed in nice em-
broideries, at **79c**

1 lot Muslin Skirts, trim-
med with 8 inch embroidery,
ruffled, at **79c**

1 lot Muslin and Cambric
Drawers, in umbrellas and
other styles, trimmed in lace
and embroidery, only **50c**

A lot of Ladies' Cambric
Corset Covers, neatly trim-
med, cut V neck, only **25c**

115 Ladies' Calico Wrappers
at 69c each, **Worth \$1.00**

98 Ladies' Percale and Out-
ing Cloth Wrappers, tight
fitting, lined basque, at \$1.25
each, **Worth \$2.25**

53 Ladies' Figured Mohair
Skirts at \$1.50 each, **Worth \$2.25**

75 Ladies' Serge and Fig-
ured Brilliantine Skirts at
\$2.50 each, **Worth \$4.00**

43 Ladies' Figured Satin and
Silk Skirts at \$10 each, **Worth \$17.50**

67 rolls fine Savonneries,
Gobelins and Axminster
Carpets for Parlors, Dining-
rooms, Libraries and Halls,
worth \$1.65, reduced now to
\$1.15 a yard.

73 rolls Extra Fine Body
Brussels, all the latest pro-
ductions; it will be pleasing
to look these over, regular
price \$1.35—Special offering
\$1.10 a yard.

86 rolls Brussels Carpets,
bought at a very low price,
regular \$1.00 kind; will place
them on sale at **75c a yard.**

65 rolls Tapestry Brussels,
new Spring styles, worth
85c; to sell at **60c a yard.**

37 rolls, all wool Ingrain
Carpets, regular price 65c,
made and laid at **50c a yard.**

110 rolls fine figured Japanese
Matting, worth 50c, reduced
to **35c a yard**

125 rolls fancy colored Jap-
anese Matting, sells every-
where at 35c, only **25c a yard**

120 rolls double dyed figured
Mattings, the 25c kind, re-
duced to **15c a yard**

Special Sale Smyrna Rugs.
\$8.00 Smyrna Rugs at \$5.00.
\$5.00 Smyrna Rugs at \$3.50.
\$3.75 Smyrna Rugs at \$2.50.
\$3.25 Smyrna Rugs at \$2.00.
\$2.50 Smyrna Rugs at \$1.75.
\$1.50 Smyrna Rugs at \$1.00.

25 pieces double faced Silk
Drapery, reduced from \$2.50
and \$3.00 to **\$1.00 a yard**

375 pairs fine Lace Curtains
reduced from \$2 to **98c a pair**

1,000 Window Shades, worth
\$1, at **50c each**

65 pieces Pacific dress Cam-
brics in plaids, stripes and
figures, truly a 10 cent value
for **5c**

72 pieces standard Percales,
36 inches wide, all new
spring styles, only **10c per yard**

2 cases dress outing, bought
to sell at 12 1-2c, but having
been delayed in shipping
causes us to sell it now at
just half price, **6 1/2c per yard**

1500 yards 36 inch Percales,
mill remnants of 2 to 10
yards, 12 1-2c kind **At 7 1-2c**

2 cases best quality Indigo
Prints **At 5c per yard**

Garwood's Crabapple Ex-
tract, was 40c, for Monday
19c each

Oakley Triple Water, was
75c, **Now 49c**

Oakley Violet of Parma
Toilet Water **Only 39c**

Tetlow Complexion Powder,
was 20c, **Now 10c**

Talcum Powder, **5c and 10c**

Sequin Belts, were \$1.25,
Now 75c

Gilt and Silver Belts, were
75c, **Now 49c**

Gilt and Silver Belts, were
50c, **Now 25c**

White Kid Belts, were 75c,
Now 49c

Sterling Silver Link Cuff
Buttons, were 65c, **Now 35c**

Silver Link Bracelets, were
50c, **Now 25c**

Sterling Silver Rings, were
50c, **Now 25c**

3,000 yards Beige Net Top
Laces, 5 to 10 inches wide,
worth from 50c to \$1.00 per
yard. A grand lot they will
make tomorrow **At 35c**

1 case 11-4 extra weight
white Bedspreads, hemmed
ready for use, Monday **At 98c each**

100 6-4 Chenille Table
Covers, heavy fringed,
At 98c

15 pieces double Satin Dam-
ask, full bleached, good value
at \$1.00, tomorrow **At 69c yard**

100 dozen all Linen Damask
Towels, special tomorrow **At 10c**

1,000 yards Crash for roller
Towels, **At 4c yard**

1 case 11-4 extra weight
white Bedspreads, hemmed
ready for use, Monday **At 98c each**

100 6-4 Chenille Table
Covers, heavy fringed,
At 98c

Possibly three times the
largest of any other Black
Dress Goods stock in the
city. All the newest styles
in silk and wool Crepon and
Grenadine effects, plain and
brocaded Mohairs, Sebastop-
ol Suitings, Serges, etc.
Special opening sale:
37 pieces Black Brocaded
Mohairs, all wool and Mo-
hair, 40 inches wide, worth
65c **At 39c**

71 pieces black Sebastopol
Suitings, silk and wool Fan-
cies and Brocaded Sicilians,
worth 85c, opening price
50c

11 pieces 48 inch black dust
proof Serge, sold elsewhere
in town at 85c, opening price
here **59c**

Black Novelties \$1.00 to \$7.50
a yard.

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ask, full bleached, good value
at \$1.00, tomorrow **At 69c yard**

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65c **At 39c**

71 pieces black Sebastopol
Suitings, silk and wool Fan-
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Black Novelties \$1.00 to \$

The General Manager

AND

The Ghost Train

By CY WARMAN.

How the Sewing Machine Was Saved.

When the Rio Grande Western was a narrow gauge road it was very crooked. Even in the Utah desert there were many curves among the sand hills that have been piled up during the past few thousand years. A locomotive—one of a type known as "sewing machines" because all their machinery was in sight—was trying to make a spur for the general manager's special, against which the engine was crawling the limit. These "sewing machines" were famous riders. The springs were so light and so perfectly adjusted that one of these locomotives would ride as easily to the engineer as a Pullman car does to a commercial traveler, with one seat for himself and another for his feet. As the little machine rocked round the curves, screaming at every curve, the engineer and fireman kept a sharp lookout ahead, at the same time counting the minutes and reckoning the miles that still lay between them and the place where the road crossed the desert one of the swiftest engines on the road was trembling away toward the sewing machine, and at the end of each minute the engine was a mile and a half nearer each other.

To be allowed to "pull" the general manager is an honor earnestly striven for by

and as the man on the special was known to be a daring driver the sewing machine crew saw that they were in a close place long before the smoke of the approaching locomotive was seen. Now they had barely five minutes left and nothing for the variation and the coveted siding four miles away. If the opposing train failed to respect the "five-minute rule" she might at that moment be passing the spur. At last there remained but a single mile and only a minute to do it. The throttle was wide open and the little engine was rolling so that the bell rang continually. The fireman had put in his last fire and was now straining his eyes to catch the smoke of the special. The engineer, with his left hand on the whistle rope, clung to the side of the cab to keep from being thrown out of the right of way.

The wheels under the sewing machine were so small that the best she could do was forty-five miles, and now when she came down to the very last second there was still a quarter of a mile between her and the meeting point, but at that moment the flying wheels of the special engine crashed over the switch and shut her out. The little sewing machine, hid among the sand dunes, was trembling every nerve to reach the passing point at which she was already overdue. The man on the special was just beginning to feel sure of his po-



AT THAT INSTANT THE "SEWING MACHINE" HAD TRAPPED THE TRACK.

position when he rounded a curve and saw the light engine emerging from a shallow cut. Of course he shut off and tried to lessen the force of the collision, but to stop was out of the question. The fireman on the light engine saw the special and warned his companion, for they were curving to the left and the driver could not see, but the four men knew that nothing short of a miracle could prevent a dreadful collision and that in a few seconds time they would all be piled up in a heap. Both drivers had called to their crews to jump, and the firemen had turned to their windows. The special engineer was in the act of reversing, that he might take the good opinion of the official with him. The other driver only showed the throttle lever in, braced himself and awaited the shock.

A man who has never lived up to his last moment on earth and survived to tell about it afterwards can never know how much business one can transact in his mind during that moment in which he waits and listens for the crash of the scythe. But one does not always review his past life at such a moment; often he wastes time thinking upon a mere trifle. Ex-Representative in Congress Laff Pence was in a wreck the next day after his election, and although he had been a democrat and had become a

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Republican when he rounded a curve and saw the light engine emerging from a shallow cut. Of course he shut off and tried to lessen the force of the collision, but to stop was out of the question. The fireman on the light engine saw the special and warned his companion, for they were curving to the left and the driver could not see, but the four men knew that nothing short of a miracle could prevent a dreadful collision and that in a few seconds time they would all be piled up in a heap. Both drivers had called to their crews to jump, and the firemen had turned to their windows. The special engineer was in the act of reversing, that he might take the good opinion of the official with him. The other driver only showed the throttle lever in, braced himself and awaited the shock.

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populist, he gave no thought to the past nor the future, but said to himself, as the sleeper plunged down an embankment, "Now, what the devil was I elected for?" The driver of the special engine had a boy, and this boy had climbed up on a picket fence to kiss his father good-bye that morning at his home in Salt Lake, but he slipped, fell and hung there with a fence picket through the seat of his first pair of trousers; and it was all so funny that now as the engineer recalled the circumstance seven years back his head and shoulders as he had ever laughed in his life. The fireman, casting a farrow glance at his companion, saw him laughing and concluded in his last moment that the driver had suddenly become insane, but as he glanced ahead where death was awaiting he was not sure that he was sane himself. The driver, having finished his laugh and still feeling no shock, looked ahead. The track was clear! He unlatched the reverse lever and threw the engine in the forward motion and the speed of the train, which had been but little checked, carried them away down among the sand hills. The driver looked over at the fireman and asked: "Did you see anything?"

"No," said the fireman. "Did you?"

The driver said no, tried his water and opened the throttle and the engine whirled away, while the fireman returned to his place at the furnace door. The two men scarcely glanced at each other again until they stopped for water at Green River, but each in his own mind was recalling the wild tale of the "ghost train" he had ever heard. Each was firm in the belief that he had seen a "ghost," but he would never tell it—not for his job.

The official in the special train felt the resistance of the engine when the engineer shut off and reversed, and the fireman, looking at the engine, said: "What, that engine? That's a show of surprise!"

"When did you put in that siding?"

"What, back there? That's Coyote spur, and it has been there for six months," was the reply.

"I know very well," said the manager, "where Coyote spur is, for we waited there fifteen minutes before the siding was put in, but we just passed a siding on the north."

The superintendent was inclined to be funny, but the conductor, looking at the gray Peppers, remarked that he had seen a locomotive standing at the point mentioned, and "as trains are not in the habit of meeting and passing between stations, I take it that there must be a siding there."

There was just a twinkle of mirth in the conductor's eyes, which, despite the finger snap, left about them by the touch of time, were still bright with the sparkle of youth, but the superintendent was utterly unable to understand the general manager's remark.

There was silence for a little while, but the general manager was by no means satisfied. He pressed the button and when the black porter came in he asked: "Did you see an engine on a siding back there, George?"

"No, sah, I haven't saw no engine, I ain't no sidin' 'cept Clote spur, an' dat was de sidin'."

"Send the conductor to me," said the official, and when the conductor came in the manager asked to be allowed to look at the running order of the train.

"Run special to Grand Junction, avoiding all regular trains. Extra engine 57 has until 5:55 to make Coyote spur against time."

"What time did you pass the spur?" demanded the conductor.

"Precisely at 5:55," said the conductor, now somewhat alarmed at the manager's question.

"Is there a siding between here and Coyote?" asked the conductor, and the superintendent being at a loss to make out what the manager was driving at, started to leave the car, but his superior officer called him back.

"There is not," was the conductor's reply.

"Perhaps," said the manager, "there was not when we went down, but there is now, for I saw a locomotive standing there."

The conductor laughed as the superintendent had done, but the color of his face had turned to a deep red, and he was looking at the manager with a questioning expression.

When the special reached Green River the superintendent, looking at the conductor, said: "Where was your engine when you saw the locomotive?"

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Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy to take. 25 cents.

main fire?" asked the general manager, noting the embarrassment of the engine crew.

"What engine?" asked the engineer, trying to look and speak naturally.

"There was a locomotive standing besides your own," was the conductor's response. "Will you be good enough to answer my question?"

"Well, thought the driver, 'If I've got 'em the G. M.'s got 'em,' and he answered: 'I did think she was on the main stem.'"

"What did you think, Harry?" asked the superintendent, looking at the driver, who was staring at the engineer. The fireman only closed his eyes and shook his head slowly.

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SARGE PUCKETT.

The Promise Now Is for an Abundant

Fruit Crop This Year.

COUNTRY LIFE AND PLEASURES

Turning the Sod and Getting Ready

To Plant—Some Reflections by

the Old Man.

For The Constitution.

Brown has what we call a lazy grin that comes upon him with the spring and grows with the heat of summer—that grin is just sprouting again.

This old friend of mine is a queer genius when it comes to weather. He wrestles with the weather all the time. When it is cold it is almost impossible to get him up in the morning, and he shivers and complains through all the day, but when the early begins to warm up he takes upon his face a grin that continues throughout the day. The safest sign I have ever planted by—I shall plant corn tomorrow.

Everything is bright and cheerful on the farms, considering that the people are just entering upon a heated political campaign. It is just the time in country life to be cheerful if you ever can. The rows of corn looking under the trees and the guinea saunter around looking up a nest which gives promise of plenty of eggs in the near future. The fruit trees add their charms of beauty with the promise of a bountiful yield, and who would not be cheerful? There has been a large increase in the price of stock this season, and the ground is being turned in a hurry. Here is another delight. What is nicer than to walk over the mellow fields and smell the fresh turned earth? All these things have charms for the countryman, and we venture that there are many in the cities who would be glad to come out with us and work the soil.

How many would take delight in sowing the seeds and gathering the crops? How many would be glad to see the fruit trees just as they used to do? A stroll up and down the clear branches among the honeysuckles and a sip from the cool spring of the way—this is one of the delights of springtime in Georgia that could not be striven for in the city.

How many there are that fall in appreciation of these rural delights we cannot say, nor could we say how many of the city people there is that would be glad to take such a romp, but they are too busy or too fashionable to do so.

There are very rich people really, that they cannot lose the time for a short rest in the country, and there are others who do not think it fashionable enough. I can tell about any fashionable lady that would be nothing lost in taking an outing as suggested, and I can tell the fashionable people that no sweeter pleasures are to be had at the grand resorts. It is these fashionable people that need the most of our pity. They cannot come out with plain country people and live cheap and romp over the fields and woods among the wild flowers and cooling streams from purely fashionable reasons. They must go to the seashore and watering places, and many of them are strained to keep up a style that they could be relieved of by just going to some of the prosperous farmhouses right close home. I think these fashionable people must feel somewhat as I have used to feel when we would steal off fishing on Sundays. The thoughts of getting whipped upon our return maddened the pleasures. A number of people live in a strain to keep up a fashionable whirl that could get all the benefits of a rest in the country cheaply and close by their homes.

Last Sunday we went out to church and everybody seemed to be inspired with good cheer. I like to watch these cheerful gatherings. It done me good to watch the young couples seated in the pews, and sitting out in the buggies during recess. When they told each other there—some of them we will never know, but pretty spring dresses and young buds make the girls so charming that I am most sure the boys said just such things as the springtime naturally calls for from the young men—

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This is as it should be. There is no more charming picture than the groups of young people in the country. Little country children seem to look more cheerful now than has been their wont for a few years. They are not so much in a hurry to get to the country and to work on the farm is not so bad a thing as once was thought. The parents are entitled to credit for this most desirable result. They have quit bemoaning the hardships of a country life in the presence of their children. There is a great deal in imagination, and the children of a few years back had a right to imagine that any business was better than farming. The whole talk of old people tended this way. Lately there is mighty little grumbling. Farmers have got to believe that they are as good as any other class. If not a little better, and this is a healthy condition and will leave the young idea to take a manner as to stop the flow from the country to the city.

The country can result in a gain, less than a great misfortune to the human family.

There never was any excuse for this great rush of people to the towns. There is ever any truth in the belief that once prevailed about the town people having such an easy time. The pressure on town people has been very much greater than many thought. I heard a good old gentleman say: "God bless Sunday." He told me that if it was not for the rest of Sunday he would soon leave the city. This came from a man who had thought almost free from care, and it put me to thinking.

Business. Business. The world is running wild on business. The world is overworked. Eight must be done in the time of seven. Wheels must turn and the clatter of machinery go on. It takes millions of dollars to satisfy the greed of the few. The richest man I knew before the war was rated at \$20,000. He was a poor man now. A man starting out to get rich in these times would not think of stopping this course for a million.

I have heard that there was not a millionaire in Georgia before the war. Brain, money, never resting, and all for more money than one can devise what to do with. The country can result in a gain, less than a great misfortune to the human family.

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Billly Goodenough, who did such clever work for Atlanta last year, and those who know him say he is an excellent man, a player in whom there is a lump of promise.

—

Cross is a brother of Lave Cross, of national notoriety who is covering third base for Philadelphia. In Cross Manager Knowles thinks he has a great promise. Mike Wagner, Cross was recommended to

"But we have another opportunity. If we plant the party squarely on honest money, this, with our popular principle of low tariff, will carry us even this year to certain victory. For it is evident the republicans will declare for protection and straddle the money question.

"It is time the democratic party should divest itself of the control of the rings and cliques of small politicians who have no object except to partition the offices among

PERSONAL.

The M. M. Mauck Co., wallpaper, paints, shades, glass, picture frames. Atlanta.

C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and room molding, 40 Marietta street. Send for samples.

CHAMBER

LIN, JOHN

SON & CO

By Octave Tbanet.

[illegible][illegible]

that poor man. You had been saving up for a long time, too, to get out of the slum and turn to the crowd, a stable number by this time and agog with curiosity—"let me see."

So Tommy with all the fiery Irish eloquence in his power, explained. And then, when the crowd broke up, he had to turn around at the bewildered dealer. "You sir," he said, "the reporter, 'pass the hat, let that \$5 stay in; look here, what will you sell for?'"

"No, I won't," said the dealer, "I can get more from the old woman."

"Then, I'll take it," said Tommy, the reporter; and that nimble-witted young man promptly took his cue. "She's gone," said he, and he turned to the old woman, "where they left the two, 'I can't see her!'"

"Then, I don't care to do anything," returned Tommy, glancing at her with an irritated glance, "he's my bill."

"I'll make it \$10," said the dealer quickly, "come now, you can find her! I'm the best man in the neighborhood."

"Eight," said Tommy, making as if to go.

"Nine," said the dealer in a dying voice.

"Make it nine; we'll all chip in," called the most distant man in the crowd. The dealer went down Tommy's bank note and came back to the reporter.

SLEEP AND REST
For Skin Tortured
BABIES
And Tired
MOTHERS
On One Application of
Cuticura
BEST CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths, with
Cuticura, Emol, & mild applications of Cuticura
(ointment), & mild doses of CUTICURA RESOL-
ution, throughout the world, and especially by English and
American Physicians, for the cure of the various
DARTS & SORES, & Skin Disorders.—LONDON. FORTLA DRUG
CO., 10, CANNON STREET, E.C. 4, ENGLAND.

NOTICE.

I will receive bids for furnishing summer uniforms for the Atlanta police force until 12 o'clock noon March 23 1896.

The uniforms are to be made of Middlesex of blue V. V. cloth. The weight of cloth for pants 18 ounces per yard. The weight of cloth for shirts 16 ounces per yard. To be made and trimmed in the latest workmanlike manner, and that persons receiving contract for furnishing uniforms be required to furnish certificate that uniforms made of best quality cloth of above weights, samples of goods made and ready to be made and ready to be advertised for with right reserved to reject and award to whomsoever.

A. B. CONNOLLY,
Chief of Police.

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Waists in Persian

made in latest style,

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Black Satteen Skirts

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Skirts, with

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Belts

Other and Silk Belts

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to-morrow 25c

Belts, worth

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Waist Sets, at 10c

Waists

Friend Shirt Waists,

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patterns, 45c

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made, regular

75c, choice 33c

Handkerchiefs,

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fast colors, with

and cuffs, 45c

morrow, 45c

E. J. Bass & Co.
31 WHITEHALL - 30 S BROAD

SPECIAL--Monday morning at 8 o'clock we place on sale 50 bolts Heavy Crinkle Crepons in all shades, 10 yards to a customer, for 59c a Dress Pattern. 1,000 yards Tassar Silks at 5c.

Men's Fixings.
25c Men's fast black Socks 10c.
Box lisle thread Socks worth \$2.00, for \$1.00.
\$1.00 Men's Negligee Shirts 39c.
\$1.00 Men's colored bosom Shirts 40c.
\$1.00 Men's Night Shirts 49c.
\$3.00 Men's Fine Walking Canes 98c.
\$1.00 Scriven Elastic Seam Drawers 69c.
25c Silk Windsor Ties for 10c.
25c all linen Handkerchiefs 10c.
50c Unlaundered Shirts 25c.

Hosiery.
Misses' fast black Hose 5c.
Ladies' fast black Hose 5c.
Ladies' seamless Hose 10c.
Misses' seamless Hose 10c.
Ladies' fine silk finished Hose 15c.
50c Ladies' fine black Hose 25c.
50c Misses' fine Hose for 25c.
One lot Sample Hose half price.
If you need Hosiery, and you see our line, you will be pleased.

We have an entire new stock of goods, bought since the recent decline in prices, and all the latest styles. We want you to see them—it is to your interest to inspect them. We will save you money on every purchase—if we don't—we will not ask you to buy.

Embroideries.
Box Embroideries, worth 15c, for 5c.
Box Embroideries, worth 25c for 10c.
Box Embroideries, worth 35c, for 15c.
Specials in Laces Monday.
Silk Laces free with every Corset you purchase.
Kid Gloves and Silk Gloves one-third off the regular prices.
Specials in Jet Trimmings.

Notions.
Whisk Brooms for 5c.
50c fine Side Combs 19c.
10c assorted Hair Pins 3c.
5c Box Mourning Pins 2c.
5c Belt Pins, cheap, 1c.
25c Shirt Waist Sets 7c.
10c Curling Irons 4c.
25c Silk Belts, silver buckles, 15c.
50c Dress Buttons for 3c.
50c Ladies' Pocketbooks 25c.
\$1.00 Ladies' Pocketbooks 49c.
Handbags at half price.

Black Dress Goods! Black Dress Goods!

15 pieces figured Mohair Sicilian and Brilliantines 15c
49c fancy Mohair Sicilians and Brilliantines 25c.
50c all wool Imperial and Corkscrew Serges 25c.
10 pieces 35c Cashmere to close half price, 17c.
75c 46-inch silk finished Henriettas for 39c.
\$1.00 fine French Victoria and Royal Serges 25c.
\$1.25, 36 pieces fine imported Novelty Mohairs, Sicilians and French Jacquard, new styles, 59c.
\$1.00 fine silk finished Henriettas for Monday, 49c.
\$1.39 very handsome silk finished Henriettas, 69c.
\$1.25, 54-inch French Diagonal and Tailor Serge, very fine quality for Tailor Suits or Skirts, 59c.
Special sale of Remnants in black goods.

Colored Dress Goods! Colored Dress Goods!

36-inch striped and fancy Chevron Suitings, 9c.
36-inch two-tone Suitings, 35c quality, Monday 15c.
50 pieces all wool Imperial Serge, Panama Checks, Boucle mixtures and 42 inch fancy two-tone Mohairs, worth from 39c to 50c, your choice of the 50 pieces, Monday, 25c.
50c silk finished Henriettas, choice new shades, 25c.
5 pieces Mohair and wool Shepherd Checks, special, 39c.
\$1.00 French Victoria, elegant quality, 49c.
\$1.00 46 inch fine French Boucle Suitings, Monday 49c.

Invite the public to their first Opening of their Millinery Parlor and special display of Pattern Hats and Bonnets, Tuesday and Wednesday March 24th and 25th, and beg to say that while we will not distribute souvenirs, we will save you half your money on your Easter Hat.

Silks, Silks, Silks, Silks.

22 pieces Printed Chinas in new designs for 15c
8 pieces Harlequin Striped China, 24 inches wide 29c
12 pieces Mexican Checked Taffetas, Special 39c
48 pieces Splendid Quality Taffetas, in all the new designs, none worth less than \$1.00, for 59c
9 pieces 25 inch Taffeta, Satin Striped, Egyptian Sprays and Persian designs, worth \$1.25 to \$1.50, Special 75c
63 pieces Printed Warp Taffetas, Persian and Dresden designs, others' price \$1.50 to \$2.00, our price 98c
23 pieces Black Brocaded Taffetas, worth \$1.00, for 59c
38 pieces Black Gro de Londres Brocades, worth \$1.50, for 75c
21 pieces Black Duchesse Brocades, worth \$1.80, for 89c

Now if you wish a Silk Dress, Shirt or Waist, if you will spend 10 minutes in our Silk Department, you will not only buy, but say we have saved you 40 per cent. of your money.

White Goods.

10c Victoria Lawns for 5c
15c Victoria Lawns only 8c
15c 40-inch India Linen for 8c
15c Check Nainsook for 7c
25c Fine Checked Dimity 12 1-2c

Shirt Waists.

One lot Ladies' Waists, bishop sleeves 25c
\$1.00 Ladies' Fine Waists 49c
\$1.50 Ladies' Fine Waists 98c

Lace Curtains.

\$2.50 3 1-2 yds Nottingham Curtains 98c
\$4.00 3 1-2 yd Nottingham Curtains \$1.48
\$5.00 3 1-2 yd Nottingham Curtains \$1.98
\$6.50 extra large Nottingham Curtains \$2.48
Counterpanes.
\$1.25 Crochet 11-4 Spreads 69c
\$2.00 Crochet 12-4 Spreads 98c
\$3.50 Marseilles 12-4 Spreads \$1.48

Specials.

Silk Spool Thread 1c.
Silk Twist, one dozen spools, 5c.
Embroideries 1c skein.
25c Silk Belts, silver buckles, 15c.
50c fine Silk Belts for 25c.
50c Gilt Belts for 25c.
\$1.00 Sideboard Covers 25c.
\$1.25 Sideboard Covers 39c.
Zephyr, to close out, 2c oz.

Linings & Findings

Best Skirt Cambrics 3 1-2c.
Gilbert's Best Silesia 9c.
Best French Percale 10c.
Best Barred Crinolines 6c.
Best Linen Canvas 10c.
Best Collar Canvas 10c.
Best Velveteen Bindings 5c.
4 yards N. V. B. Bindings 19c.
Best bunch Bones 4c.
Best patent Hooks and Eyes 3c.
Best Paper Cambric 9c.
Best anti-fibre Chamoise 12c.
Best Linen Grass Cloth 9c.
We sell only the best Linings and Findings, and 40 per cent less than anyone in Georgia.

This week, as an introductory, we will sell you Hats, Flowers, Ribbons and other materials at half the regular price and trim your hats free of charge. We believe our milliner is the best in this city. Remember our Millinery Opening Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24 and 25. Have your Easter Gowns made by the Parisian Ladies' Tailor, Mr. Louis Arnstein. Special prices this week on work where the goods, linings and findings are bought from us. All work delivered the day when promised and satisfaction guaranteed. Don't forget Lettuce Cream Tubes free Monday.

E. J. Bass & Co.
31 WHITEHALL - 30 S BROAD

Life's Little Surprises.

A CHRONICLE OF TODAY.

Robert Adamson.

I--UNCLE STEPHEN.
Good morning, Douglas. Breakfasted yet? No? Supposed you had gone to the office. Late isn't it?—let's see—quarter past eight. Half hour late for me—out last night, you know; Barrington's reception. Some wanted to know why you were not there. I said, "I left my nephew at the office. He's very devoted to business now." Oh, no; you needn't thank me. Come, let's get our breakfast. That wretched punch last night is fatal to appetite.
What's in the morning paper? Nothing? You haven't read it. I don't like to see a young man lose interest in things that way. Keep up with what's going on. I wouldn't give a rap for these old fossils who believe a thing isn't worth reading if it isn't a thousand years old. I'm a man of today. I believe in the present; don't get out of touch with the procession, my boy.
You're looking infernally cross this morning. Sour as an old maid. What's up? Another row with Parthena? I beg your pardon—of course not—I mean Evangeline. I'm not good at remembering names. But I remember Par—her. Fine girl; lots of style and spirit and pretty, too. Carries herself like a queen. Rather young; not over nineteen, I fancy? Is that right? Don't give a what? That's very rude, sir. You should never speak so disrespectfully of such a nice young lady as Vangie. Isn't that what you call her?
Don't lose your temper, Douglas. I meant no offense. I have heard you call her that, but I'll forget it if you wish. I know how these things pass away.
I noticed that you had taken all her pictures off the walls and furniture, but it didn't occur to me that there had been a row. I thought you were having them re-framed. Send them all back? I hope you didn't send her that hideous scrawl you drew and called it her picture. That was a libel.
I suppose you sent all her letters back, too? Bless my soul, there was a load of them. I've been finding one at the door every morning for a year—a big, square one, thick as your hand. You young fools had spent the day every day, even though you spent the day. I know how it is. I was once as big a fool—I mean ten or twelve years ago I was nearly as bad.
Did you send everything back? There's that brown smoking jacket, but it would be a positive insult to return such a bal-ance. She couldn't give it to Car-nes. You might explain to her that I've about worn it out. But I'll miss the pictures, Douglas. There was such a fine lot of them. Why, I couldn't turn round without seeing a dozen Evangelines. Evangelines of all sizes and in all poses. She shows off like a picture. Her brown hair is just the right color, and her eyes are just the right eyes; why, there's one of those pictures; you remember it; the one where she's looking up from a book—why, the eyes seem actually to sparkle, just as hers do. She has fine sparkling eyes. I wish you had kept that picture.
I didn't tell you that I saw her at Barrington's last night, did I? She was looking as bright and fresh and happy as a May morning. That fellow Car-nes was mad. I heard lots of people say they mad-

what's the matter; is that chair bad—lots of people say they made a fine-looking, well matched pair. I thought so, too. Looked as if they were made for each other. I would get another chair if I were you, Douglas. Seemed inseparable all the evening. Car-nes and Evangeline. Yes, sir; Doug seemed to have one of them in mind when he designed the other.
I got just a word with her. I remembered the pictures and thought she might want to hear about you. "You will hardly believe it," I said, "but it's a fact. Douglas said he had too much work to do and couldn't come to the reception." She looked puzzled. "Douglas," she repeated slowly, "Douglas?" and paused. "Oh, yes, you mean your nephew, Mr. Wrenn. I didn't recall the first name. Too bad to have to work at night. Does your nephew work in the day, too?"
"Pretty, wasn't it? I told her you worked night and day without food or sleep. 'How very queer,' she said, 'he—Isn't that Mrs. Smith just coming in?'"
I saw something had happened. I wondered if Car-nes had done it. She used to know your first name by heart without thinking a minute and seemed to regard you as an interesting subject. I thought myself that what had made Car-nes happy had made you industrious. Eh, Douglas?
"That chair makes me nervous—do get another."
I couldn't believe that you young idiots had broken off. How could it! Hadn't I seen the fluster a bit? And the jeweler? And the book dealer? And I knew how worthless you had been in the office for six months. You drove her in the afternoon and took her out nights. I couldn't go along the Boulevard in the afternoon without running into you. "She's fooling Car-nes," I said to myself. But, d—n me, if the evidence isn't against you. Car-nes seems to be the favorite. Nice fellow, too.
Douglas, you're a job for the fool killer. Had the thing all your own way and threw it up like a baby. Some petty little thing not worth speaking of, caused it all. I'll be very sorry for you. What you need is a little common sense; you've got enough sentiment. Don't try to be a genius—I advise it; it's all fake and humbug, anyway—but cultivate plain, practical, common sense. If you'd had an atom of it you wouldn't be moping around here looking sour, but would be whistling around up stairs among her pictures.
You're too intense, Douglas. You follow the impulses of the heart rather than the sound and cool reasonings of the head. You believe in everybody and everything. That's silly. The world's full of cheap humbuggery, bold hypocrisy, insincerity and pretense. There's lots of dirt and tin. You are a bright and shining mark for a woman. You'll believe everything they say and swear by the color of their cheeks and hair, and that's the worst of it. It's a poor sort of man that can't see through the disguises of women. I do. I appreciate them, but I do not believe in them. I value them from an ornamental standpoint. They set off a ballroom and make a carriage or a theater box look well. They improve the appearance of the street and make the stores look busy. There wouldn't be any use for jewelry without them and I suppose we would have to give up the clubs and stay at home

if there were no women. They are well enough in their place. I admire them. I admire their generalship in handling men; I admire their coolness and their ingenious tenderness. But, Douglas, they're bar-barians, all of them, and if you don't want to come out defeated you'd best deal with them on that basis.
Your Miss Parthena—excuse me, I mean Miss Evangeline—belongs to the right. With all her sweetness, coyness, tenderness, innocence, impulsiveness and inexperience, she knows how to handle you better than you know how to govern your office boy. She likes to see you squirm and she'd be delighted if she knew she were causing you to lose sleep and neglect your business. Evangeline is a prize—I admit it—and if I could call back ten or fifteen years I'd marry her myself. Don't sniff like that. I mean her for real. She's a man's ways and I would always be serene and untroubled. I'd let her have her little way and if it pleased her I'd let her think sometimes that I believed in her absolutely. But I wouldn't; she's a woman.
Douglas, the twentieth century man doesn't give up the girl he wants on account of a sentimental notion. Neither does he surrender his rights and his independence. But he gets the girl and that without all this children's nonsense. Don't yield an inch, make your terms like a man and she'll surrender.
And I wish you'd do it right away. Long as this keeps up you're not worth a rap in the business and you're not a pleasing object to look at. Do something right off, don't let the girl slip out of your hands. Of course, there are a lot of other girls, but Evangeline's in the front of the procession—devilish fine girl. I approve of her and I think you are a d—d ass!
You're a funny fellow, Doug. How's that? Champagne last night? Not a bit of it. I'm too much of a veteran for that.
Let's go—we're late. Throw that cigarette away and have a cigar.

II--DOUGLAS.
Bored to death, Ogleby. These things tire me. Let's get out of it and have a smoke. First reception I've been to since—Who? Oh, no, she didn't have anything to do with it. I just got enough of this sort of thing—they're all alike, receptions. Certainly, I see her—over there with Car-nes. Been with him all the evening. It's all right. You're as bad as Uncle Stephen. Let's go this way and get out of the crush.
Oh, good evening, Miss Brown—delighted to see you. Been looking for you all the evening. Having a lovely time, thank you. He back presently. Going out with Ogleby for a moment. What about Miss Evangeline? Oh, yes, she's a fine girl. I don't know if Car-nes is a nice fellow.
Ogleby, that young woman's impertinent. Don't think so? I do. Yes, that's what I mean. I've seen her and I've met her. I've met tonight has touched on the subject.
I don't see that it's anybody's business. Have a cigarette? Cool out here, isn't it? Glad to get out of that mob in there. That Miss Harper is a tiresome creature—thought I'd never get away. Meet her? You're luck. Talk all the time. Fortunately she's a stranger and didn't know anything about Evangeline. That was one advantage.
Say, Ogleby, what do you think of Car-nes? Nice fellow, eh? Seems rather pompous. But he is a good stayer. Hasn't left Evangeline's side since they came in together. Oh, yes, I spoke to her—lower-

across the room, that's all. I've nothing to say to her—especially. It's all up, I suppose. She doesn't seem to be making any concessions and that's not my line, you know.
Uncle Stephen says I'm a fool—a rank idiot, and sometimes I think he's right. He's not in favor of these too sentimental love affairs; he likes the practical article. He says there's nothing to quarrel about in a love affair and that when a fellow breaks off with a girl in a love affair it's proof that he's a fool, because he can't make a woman think as he does, and Uncle Stephen says any sort of man ought to be able to do that. I'd like to see him try it with Evangeline. He'd change his mind. He laughed at me when I told him that. "You young idiot," he said, "if you had a thoughtful of common sense you'd manage that girl. Keep your head and get her if you want her. You're a fool—that's the trouble."
I thought it over and decided he was nearly right. It was too late then, however. I'd sent my ultimatum and had received it. It was such a trifle that it passed out of my mind, but we got to discussing it and made a big thing of it. You know how the other discussions are. Just after Uncle Stephen said that, I said, "What was it all about? Bless if I know. I couldn't tell how it started if my life depended on it. I've often tried to remember. It was such a trifle that it passed out of my mind, but we got to discussing it and made a big thing of it. You know how the other discussions are. Just after Uncle Stephen said that, I said, "What was it all about? Bless if I know. I couldn't tell how it started if my life depended on it. I've often tried to remember. It was such a trifle that it passed out of my mind, but we got to discussing it and made a big thing of it. You know how the other discussions are. Just after Uncle Stephen said that, I said, "What was it all about? Bless if I know. 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per-50 cent
The Catho
Catholic bla
as the Su

pug pupa;
Apply at

. Shipments all kinds, \$20 per
 Particulars for stamp. Advertis'
 Clipping Bureau, Mahler Block, New
 York City
 feb2-52t-sun

 MANAGER—Must have \$500; sal-
 y \$1.20; good chance for right person.
 Address Manager, 200 Monon block, Chicago.
 ch15-ft sun

WHITE WASH BRUSHES below cost and
very cheap at McNeal Paint and Glass
company, 118 Whitehall street.
meh15-4t sup

HAMMER'S linseed oil mixed paint 1 lb
per gallon. Georgia Paint & Glass depot
Peachtree.

WANTED—To build a small house and to take
joining lot in payment. Address Dixie,
Constitution.

OIL, boiled and raw, 50c. at McNeal P
and Glass Company, No. 118 White
street.

WANTED TO RENT nice well-fur-
nished room on south side for gentleman
and wife. Room, box No. 3.

WANTED-To rent 4-r. house; must
be in good neighborhood and reasonable
Address "Permanent, A," Constitu-

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for property a good farm, 700 acres, tahoochee river. 14 miles from Address F. M. Boston, W. & Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta on Chat.
Atlanta.
R. R.

ing. Call Thursday 10 to 12
FRONT ROOM, hot and c
tric bells, opposite Capitu
West Ellis street.
FOR EXCHANGE - C. o
(film) for glass plate ha
T. Wilcox, care Sullivan &

and baths, elec-
City Club, 6
inary Kodak
camera, W.
Tricaton.

5TH ANNIVERSARY SALE

As usual, to be an event to be remembered in dry goods retailing. For five years it has been our custom to celebrate the opening of this business by a week of small prices. This sale of '96 we have planned to make the greatest in our history, and have named prices to do it. Orders will be filled from out-of-town points at retail only, and should be sent promptly to get attention.

White Goods

The three times greater business over all previous records proves the merit of this department for this season. Anniversary prices will make a better record still.

White India Linens in lengths 3 to 10 yards, as they come from the mills. Some slightly damaged; quality very fine; 15c grades included.

Anniversary price 71-2c yd.

India Linen, 34 inches wide, quality never offered under 20c.

Anniversary price 15c yard

Book fold Check Nainsook, 8 1/2 c grade; all the good patterns of checks included.

Anniversary price 6 1/2 c yard

English Long Cloth, in 12 yard lengths. This week we put out our \$1.50 grades

Anniversary price \$1.20

Table Damask

Made specially for this firm. Guaranteed every thread linen. Full two yards wide and including the best new and staple patterns. Brought out as our best 75c linen. Will never go again for less.

Anniversary price 59c yd.

White Spreads.

Our famous Home Quilt. Most Atlanta housekeepers are familiar with its quality. Closely made, good and strong. We and all our patrons have considered it the greatest of great values at \$1 each.

Anniversary price 79c each

Cotton Towels.

Size 18 by 40 inches, fast edges, blue striped, with fringe, actually cost as much to make, but the

Anniversary price 4c each

Linen Towels.

Huckaback Towels, all linen, plain hem, big size, a Towel we have thought well of at \$2 a dozen.

Anniversary price 12c each

An assorted lot of all linen Huck and Damask Towels, plain hem and knotted fringe, up to 22 by 45 inches in size and 25c, good value in every one.

Anniversary price 19c each

Wash Dress Goods.

The most interesting part of this department we do not advertise today. The goods are here however in full force: styles enough to please everybody.

Pongee short lengths as they came from the factory, slight imperfection in print. Look at them for what they are. Perfect they would be 15c yard. As they are

Anniversary price 6c yard

5,000 yards woven Piques, Stripes, in pink, blue, black and red, lengths from 2 to 10 yards, 20c quality in full pieces.

Anniversary price 6 1-2c yard

Zephyrs, Gingham, new 1896 styles, 12 1/2 c and 15c grades, very attractive line of patterns.

7 1-2c yard

Percales, a little less than a yard wide, clean, new Spring styles, 8 1/2 c has been considered very cheap for them.

Anniversary price 6 1-2c yd

Bleached Domestic

A grade superior to Fruit of the Loom, soft finish and fine, close count, full yard wide.

Anniversary price 7 1-2c yd

12345

DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON

61 WHITEHALL.
42 TO 50 S. BROAD.
Importers, Jobbers and Retailers.

54321

1891 Five Years of Steady, Solid, Continual Progress! 1896

The Shoe Store

Says Shoes don't have to be low in price to be cheap, but stands pat on its anniversary prices as the lowest on record for equal values.

Ladies' Vici kid button Shoes, hand turned soles, pointed toes, cloth top, kid top.

Anniversary price \$1.95

Misses' Vici kid button Shoes, cloth top, kid top, opera and pointed toes.

Anniversary price \$1.48

Men's French calf Shoes, lace and Congress, Razor, London, Globe and French toe.

Anniversary price \$2.98

Infants' Caps.

We have nearly one hundred styles to select from. The daintiest, loveliest creations you could imagine. For the sake of our anniversary we sell two styles, worth 25c in the best markets of the world—one with clusters of fine cording and three rows of Valenciennes lace all around, the other in open work effect with full lace rosette.

Anniversary price 15c each

Infants' Long Dresses.

Made of Cambric, fine cluster tucked front, embroidery trimmed neck and sleeves, just as a representative of the Infants' department.

Anniversary price 49c each

Children's Drawers.

Made of good quality soft finish cotton, all hand-made buttonholes, hem and cluster tucks. For the sake of the occasion the Nos. 5, 6 and 7 will be sold at 25c pair; Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4

Anniversary price 15c pair

Stationery.

We are always cheapest, but note the anniversary prices:

100,000 large square Envelopes. Stationers charge you for a package. With D. T. & D. you save money.

Anniversary price 2 packages for 5c

Fine Fleur de Lis Box—high grade paper, beautifully put up. We have never sold a better 25c box. That's what we sold this for. Quire of paper, with envelopes to match in each box.

Anniversary price 12c box

Exposition box—first grade, highly finished, smooth paper, envelopes to match, without the buildings on or with, as preferred, made up, as many will remember, as a 50c box. We sold them at 35c.

Anniversary price 19c box

Books.

The famous Globe Library, published by Rand, McNally & Co., in paper cover, nearly all the standard authors, and a great many new works by the best people.

Anniversary price 15c each

Handkerchiefs

Are always sold here cheaper than at any other place. Remember that and then note these anniversary prices:

Ladies' and Children's all pure linen unlaundered hemstitched Handkerchiefs. A bargain at 10c, our usual price.

Anniversary price 5c each.

Ladies' unlaundered hemstitched hand embroidered Handkerchiefs, soft finish and work done by hand in the convents of Europe. You know what they usually cost.

Anniversary price 71-2c each

Ladies' soft finish, all pure linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, fine sheer quality. Plenty not so good are sold at 15c each.

Anniversary price 71-2c each

500 Dozen Ladies' and Children's all white cord edge and colored border hemstitched Handkerchiefs. The very best 5c handkerchiefs ever sold.

Anniversary price 3c each

Men's colored border hemstitched Handkerchiefs, full size and our best 10c goods.

Anniversary price 71-2c each

Dresden Ribbons

Persian Ribbons, Jacquard Ribbons, etc., the rich, wide ones, up to five inches wide; limited quantity only to sell. About twenty-five pieces, some beauties included. Prices in stock up to 85c.

Anniversary price 49c yard

In Our World of "Ready-Made" Women's Clothing.

We are prepared to make things very interesting—interesting to people who want value—interesting to people who want small prices. Such a line was never seen here, and our Anniversary Week will have a tale to tell—when this sale is over.

Tailor Suits.

Better than any tailor you can put your hands on can make you. Cheaper than your commonest dressmaker can make. Come to us and be "tailor made" for one season and see how easy it is. Every woman within reach of Atlanta has heard of our English Box Coat Reformer Suit, Navy and Black, with full all lined skirt \$5.00 each. This is but the beginning. We are still selling these and run other styles on up to \$35.00 each.

Special tan mixed Cheviot Suits, square cut blazer style coat, wide full all lined skirt.

Anniversary Price \$10.00 each

Navy and black fine all wool serge suit. English box coat style. New wide all lined skirt.

Anniversary Price \$10.00 each

Seperate Skirts.

What a line we show. The woman doesn't exist that could fail to be pleased in style and price. We begin them at 98c for a navy or black cheviot skirt 120 inches wide, and stop with the highest class very full skirt, all taffeta silk lined at \$25.00.

Enough possibly for the week's selling of a high class figured Brillantine skirt, 4 yards wide, lined all through with russet taffeta, cambric lining, velvet braided, a \$5.00 garment.

Anniversary Price \$3.50 each

Silk finished figured Brillantine skirt, as fine as silk, and as good as any \$10.00 skirt we have ever seen, 5 1/2 yards wide, nicely lined, best shaped, velvet braided.

Anniversary Price \$7.50 each

Silk Waists.

Right styles—better still, right prices. Full assortment of patterns, Japanese Kaiki Silk Waists, well made, with full Bishop sleeves.

Anniversary Price \$2.50 each

New lot fancy colored Taffeta silk Waists, velvet trimmed neck and cuffs, shirred and box plaited back.

Anniversary Price \$5.00 each

Spring Capes.

To our Novelties we call special attention. One of a kind. Choice styles. The general line is complete, varying from an 18 inch cloth cape, with pinked edges and full pinked ruch, at 30c each, all the way up the line.

Special—All wool 18 inch Cape, in assorted colors, braid trimmed and spangled.

Anniversary Price \$1.25 each

The Shirt Waist.

Four makers have done their best for us—four of the most prominent makers of the country. We believe no such line will be presented to Southern shoppers. Every possible variety, from 25c to \$12.00 each.

A Waist made of fine lawn of new design—made specially for shirt waists, full assortment of patterns and colors, with combination high turn down collar and cuffs of contrasting material.

Anniversary Price 75c each

House Wrappers,

Of Percale, of Gingham, of Outings, of Prints, of Cashmere, etc. The most liberal selection yet brought to this city.

Made of either fancy, grey or indigo prints, full ruffled shoulder and Watteau back, nearly 3 1/2 yds wide.

Anniversary Price 75c each

Wrapper

Of outing cloth of fine prints, with Watteau back belt, and embroidery trimmed collar and yokes.

Anniversary Price 98c each

Wrapper

Wrapper of Black Satin, embroidery trimmed, Watteau back, good shape, natural fast color.

Anniversary Price \$2.00 each

New Batiste Wrapper, with side bar imitation open work, embroidery trimmed, entirely new effect, eight different shades, made with full Bishop sleeves, new yoke back. Altogether a very effective garment.

Anniversary Price \$1.75 each.

Muslin Underwear.

No condition is better known to the women of Atlanta, and its antiquity than the superiority of our Muslin Underwear—Superiority of Style—Superiority of Work—Superiority of Material. The Anniversary Prices are entirely without a precedent.

Good Muslin Drawers, with hems and cluster tucks, cut full size.

Anniversary Price 17c pair

Superior Quality Muslin Drawers, with hem, cluster tucks.

Anniversary Price 21c pair

Drawers of Fine Soft Finish Cotton, trimmed with cluster tucks and new open pattern embroidery, instead of 50c.

Anniversary Price 39c pair

Corset Covers,

made of cambric embroidery trimmed, pearl buttons, a good 50c garment.

Anniversary Price 39c each

Chemise of Fine, Soft Finish Domestic, yoke made with several clusters of tucks and 3 and 4 rows of inserting, cambric ruffle around neck and arms.

Anniversary Price 50c each

Chemise made of Fine, Soft Finish Muslin, assorted sizes, wide embroidery across front, narrow embroidery around neck and sleeves.

Anniversary Price 50c each

Ladies' walking skirts, made of good muslin, deep hem and cluster tucks.

Anniversary Price 39c yard

Skirts of good muslin, full cambric ruffle, 4 tucks above, instead of 75c.

Anniversary Price 50c each

Muslin Underwear.

Ladies' Gowns, all cut wide and as full as the D. T. & D. underwear is always cut, yoke of cluster tucks and rows of inserting; cambric ruffle neck and sleeves.

Anniversary Price 50c each

Imitation Cluny lace, trimmed gowns yoke formed of rows of inserting and fine tucks, made in high or V necks, neck and sleeves lace trimmed.

Anniversary Price 75c each

Gown with embroidery trimming, high or V neck, yokes made of inserting and fine tucks, some with big collars, some empire style.

Anniversary Price 75c each

Empire Gowns in 3 different effects, one with big collar gathered front with embroidery around collar across front and on cuffs. Another collar entirely of embroidery front, of embroidery in gathered effect, lovely styles.

Anniversary Price 98c each

Petticoats.

Silk Petticoats, Moreen Petticoats, Mohair Petticoats, Satine Petticoats, all as attractive prices.

Fast black Satine Skirts, with full ruffle.

Anniversary Price 75c each

Black Brillantine Skirts, made with full ruffle, good quality.

Anniversary Price \$1.50 each

Silk Skirts, assorted patterns, including skirts worth to \$8.00 each, taffeta, etc.

Anniversary Price \$5.00 each

5TH ANNIVERSARY SALE

For five years we have enjoyed a very liberal share of Atlanta's trade. Day by day the business has grown; day by day we have been in position to give better service, and day by day we have given it. We are duly thankful for what we have had in the way of general patronage. We are determined to merit and have still more as we go on. Our's is a "daylight" store, where clean methods prevail. "We do what we say we do."

Embroideries.

Here for our anniversary week is the climax of value giving. The stock is full of good things. Some even better than the ones we name.

Last of those importers' sample pieces of Embroideries. Been selling at 35c piece, really worth 50c. Goods worth up to 25c yard, 4 1/2 yards in each piece.

Anniversary price 25c piece

The fine sample pieces, wide ones included, up to 15 inches, Fine Swiss and Jaconet goods. Goods worth actually up to 50c a yard. For the whole 4 1/2 yards our

Anniversary price 50c piece

The Silk Exhibit.

This season is highly interesting, including all the choice good things in Printed Warp Chameleons, Persians, Dresdens, etc.

Warp Printed Persian Effect Taffetas, the most popular of the entire line.

Anniversary price \$1.00 yard

Striped, Checked and Brocaded Taffeta Silks, specially good for Misses and Children's Dresses.

Anniversary price 69c yard

Jacquard Chameleons, in a handsome collection of shadings.

Anniversary Price \$1.00 yard

Black Satin Striped Chameleon, assorted colors.

Anniversary Price \$1.25 yard

Odd lot of Printed Taffetas, Brocades, Stripes, etc., worth up to 85c yard.

Anniversary price 50c yard

Black Satin Duchesse, a good one, 85c its best previous figure.

Anniversary price 69c yard

The Crockery Store

Filling that big basement salesroom, is a place to see. Full from side to side and stairs to door with attractive China Cut Glass and General Housefurnishings.

Here some Anniversary prices—they are worth investigation.

K. T. & K. vitrified Porcelain Ware, almost equal to French China in appearance, absolutely free from crazing, entirely new shapes.

Dinner Sets of 100 pieces.

Anniversary price \$10.00 set

Rugs.

One of the most interesting items from that big carpet floor. Big Smyrna Rugs, size 30 by 60, new lot including the latest and best patterns.

Anniversary price \$1.95 each

Fur Rugs, long Angora in black, white and gray.

Anniversary price \$1.95 each

Colored Dress Stuffs.

Shown in direct day light, you see exactly what you buy.

25 pieces Illuminated Cheviot Suits, 50 inches wide, all wool and sells at 65c yd.

Anniversary price 43c yard

50 pieces all-wool Homespun effects, 36 inches wide, the 35c quality.

Anniversary price 22c yard

35 pieces including Persian, Scotch, Tweeds, Bilge chevrons and Dresden effects, every piece all pure wool, 35 to 44 inches wide, the 50c line it is.

Anniversary price 35c yard

100 pieces all-wool French Serge, every shade that is needed to make the line complete, the 35c grade.

Anniversary price 22 1-2c yard

42 inch Silk and Mohair Persian effects.

Anniversary price 69c yard

KEELY'S KEELY'S KEELY'S KEELY'S

Keely Company

== Spring Merchandise Movement ==

Will gain new impetus this week from the colossal additions made to their already magnificent stock. Their resident New York buyer has done some wonderful things in the purchase of NOVELTY DRESS GOODS, BLACK GOODS, SILKS and HIGH CLASS WASH FABRICS.

A Recital of Facts--Stripped of the pomposity and verbosity of modern advertising, the facts are that we found an importer of Dress Goods who had miscalculated his selling power--overstocked. He needed cash--we needed goods. The logical result:

250 PIECES FANCY and BLACK DRESS GOODS and SILKS ARE OURS.

They will be yours this week at under the market prices. All new Goods! All the latest styles! Not a thing awry except the prices!

A DRESS GOODS SALE OUT OF THE COMMON.

69c Sale of New Dress Goods
Will Go on Sale MONDAY at the uniform price of **69 Cents Per Yard**

Some of them worth eighty-five cents; others are worth a dollar. All are worth more than the price asked. Fifty-two inches is the ruling width.

Monday's Special Sale.

Special Sale of Domestic Dress Fabrics.
Colored Mohair and Sicilian Headquarters.

32 pieces all Wool Suitings, in Stripes, Mixtures and English Checks	23c
16 pieces Novelty Broken Plaids, suitable for separate Skirts, all Silk and Wool	39c
28 pieces Mohair Broadways, in colors, for street and and Knickerbocker Dresses.	45c
12 pieces Novelty Imported Plaids, suitable for Waists, worth \$1.25 each.	85c
JUST OPENED.	
Imported English Brilliantees, all colors	98c
54 inch French Siciliennes, every shade	\$1.23

A BLACK GOODS SALE WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

49c Sale of New Black Goods
Will Go on Sale MONDAY at the Uniform Price of **Forty-Nine Cents Per Yard**

This lot includes Brocade Arnaumes, Persian Crepes, Jacquards, Pebble Cloths, Satin Berbers, Dice Checks, Silk Finished Henriettes, Victoria, Imperial and Storm Serges.

Mohair Specials.

20 pieces assorted Patterns. Figured Black Mohairs, worth 4 half more, go into this sale	19c
12 pieces assorted Black Mohair Fancies, selling rapidly for separate Skirts	35c
8 pieces Novelty Black Woolens, with Brilliant Mohair Figurings	75c
5 pieces special Storm Serges, Spring weights, for Walking Skirts	69c
6 pieces 24 inch Black Siciliennes--no goods so popular--none so scarce	98c
JUST OPENED.	
Imported French Crepons, new weaves	\$1.75
Silk and Mohair Waists	\$2.50
Crepons	

Matchless prices will obtain in our unrivaled Silk Department this week. Carefully bought, critically selected, not a good thing overlooked; priced within the reach of purchasers OUR SILK STOCK WILL LEAD THE PROCESSION!

FANCY SILKS.

Choice of twenty pieces assorted fancy Taffeta Silks	49c
Choice of fifteen pieces English Checks and Plaid Taffeta	69c
1,000 Yards assorted printed Chinas in Persian patterns	65c
750 yards French printed real Indias in printed warp designs	85c
60 pieces fancy Habutai Silks in checks and stripes	25c
38 pieces real Japanese Silks in corded effects	35c

BLACK SILK AND SATIN.

A Leader Monday--
3 pieces full face extra heavy Black Satin Duchesse..... **98c**
Another Special--
2 pieces double warp extra brilliant black Pou de Soie..... **\$1.25**
Among the Bargains--
20 pieces 27-inch Black China..... **49c**
All Want This--
24 inch extra rusie, highly finished Black Taffeta..... **75c**
A Great Bargain--
12 yards extra heavy Cashmere finish Gros Grain, worth \$3..... **\$1.37**
To Go Monday--
3 pieces assorted patterns extra heavy Black Arnaum..... **\$1.19**

PERSIAN and DRESDEN SILKS

Choice of ten pieces printed Dresden Taffeta Silks	\$1.00
Choice of twenty styles Persian Silks	\$1.25
Choice of eight pieces Jardiniere Brocade Taffetas	\$1.50
Choice of nine pieces pointed warp effects, extra heavy	\$1.49
Choice of six pieces extra heavy brocade Persians in shadow effects	\$1.98
Choice of select line Plaid effects printed on Persian grounds, 6 yard lengths, no two alike, exclusive	\$1.75

BROCADED SILKS.

Without Competition--
20 pieces black brocade Indias in new large effects..... **69c**
A Very Special Bargain--
12 pieces assorted patterns Brocade Taffetas..... **75c**
Arrived Saturday--
10 pieces extra heavy Brocade Taffetas..... **98c**
For Walking Skirts--
5 pieces large figured black Brocade Gros Grain..... **\$1.49**
Put on Sale Monday--
6 pieces Gros Grain with Satin Damasse figures..... **\$1.75**
An Extra Value--
Very heavy Brocade Satin Duchesse..... **\$2.25**

Keely Company's Department of Printed Fabrics is ablaze with Novelty and Beauty. The best Printers of the world have contributed to this Unprecedented Display of Printed Prettiness. . .

One whole room, 40x75 feet, given up wholly to the display and sale of Wash Goods.

200 pieces Linen Effects, in Stripes and Figures	7 1-2c
100 pieces Linen Ground Batistes, sheer and dainty	10c
2 cases Moire Chameleon Crepon, a new fabric	10c
1 case Linen Ground Jacquets, with colored printings	12 1-2c
60 Corded Swiss Mull, printed in Organdie Designs	12 1-2c
42 Marquise Lawns, newest printings	15c
38 pieces Moire Creponettes, dainty printings	9c
JUST OPENED--60 pieces Irish Domestic, in patterns exclusively ours--Persian, Staple and Dresden Effects	25c

A GREAT LEADER FOR MONDAY.

220 pieces 26-inch Percales, in good styles, new patterns, worth 12 1/2c..... **7 1-2c**

Our stock of White Fabrics is now ready. Every proper thing in White Goods at the right prices.

25 pieces 40-inch Sheer India Linen	12 1-2c
21 pieces 41-inch Egyptian Dimity	20c
60 pieces extra quality Checked Dimity	10c
1 case English Long Cloth, 12-yard pieces, per piece	\$1.15
1 case "The Best" Long Cloth, 12-yard pieces, per piece	\$1.48
1 case English Nainsook, boxed in 12-yard lengths, per box	\$1.69
20 pieces Sheerest White Linen Lawn, 36 inches wide, worth \$1.25	75c
18 pieces finest English Piques, Figures and Cords	20c
13 pieces Fancy Stripes and Check Piques	25c

A GREAT SPECIAL THIS WEEK.

6 cases assorted widths Sanitary Cotton Diaper, so highly recommended by physicians for its antiseptic qualities, will be retailed at the prices which are asked elsewhere for the ordinary goods. 27-inch Sanitary Diaper..... **75c**

Department of Women's Ready to Wear Garments.

HAS EVERY UP TO DATE THING IN

Capes, Tailor Made Suits, Separate Skirts, Shirt Waists, Wrappers and House Gowns.

SPECIAL MONDAY--
150 Pieces
Fine Indigo Prints,
5c yard.

ANOTHER BARGAIN
100 Fine Gingham,
selling every where 12 1-2c.
7 1-2c.

A MONDAY STARTLER
2 Cases of a Popular Brand of
Bleaching, selling everywhere 8 1-2c.
6 1-2c.

HERE'S A PLUM.
100 Pieces 36 inch Percale,
new designs, worth 12 1-2c.
7 1-2c.

Tailor Made Suits

Made by the Best Tailors. Correct in Style and Finish.

20 Suits, Black and Blue Serge, with new Coats, latest Skirts, lined, skirts lined also, \$2.28, 10.08	\$8.98
20 Novelty Suits in Fancy Effects, Blazer Coats, lined, skirts lined also, \$2.28, 10.08	\$12.50
45 assorted Suits, solid and fancy, silk lined, select bound, \$12.50, 9.15	\$15.00
The handsomest made Tailor Gown, latest creation in Skirts	\$20.00

Separate Skirts.

50 assorted Separate Skirts, figured women, new styles properly made	\$5.98
25 assorted Cheviot and fine Serge Skirts, rightly made, lined, full sweep	\$7.50
16 Figured Mohair Skirts, full sweep, lined throughout, velvet bound, 5 1/4 yards wide	\$9.98
25 assorted Crepon, Satin Duchesse, Brocade Taffeta, Damour Gros Grain Skirts, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$16.00	\$16.50

Women's Capes.

20 assorted Black Cloth Capes, latest shapes	\$5.00
25 assorted Fly Spring Eyes, no two alike	\$7.50
50 assorted Fancy Capes, Silk, Satin, Brocade, Damasse, Cloth, Chiffon, assorted styles, \$10, \$12.50	\$20.00
Just from the importer, one dozen assorted pattern Capes, no two alike, velvet, trimmed up to	\$25.00

Ladies' Waists.

50 doz. assorted Lingerie Waists, high collar, Bishop sleeves, plaited laces, new cuffs	50c
25 dozen assorted Persian work Waists, new styles	75c
10 dozen assorted colored Waists, detachable white collars and cuffs, in every new fabric	\$1.25
6 dozen assorted Linen Batiste Waists, new style collars and cuffs, Bishop sleeves, lace inserted, trimmed, \$2.50 to	\$3.75

SPECIAL MONDAY

150 PIECES
Fine Indigo Prints,
5c Yard.

ANOTHER BARGAIN

100 Fine Gingham,
selling everywhere 12 1-2c.
7 1-2c.

A MONDAY STARTLER

Two cases of a popular brand of
Bleaching, selling everywhere at
8 1-2c. **6 1-2c.**

HERE'S A PLUM.

100 PIECES 36-INCH PERCALE
New Designs. Worth 12 1/2c,
7 1-2c.

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

R. T. CORBETT

Keely's Basement.
Entrance Through Store,
Whitehall and E. Hunter Sts

We are settled and ready for business. Lots of room and no trouble to show goods, and will offer special prices for this week.

35 rolls Body Brussels Carpet at

82 1-2c yard

45 rolls 10-wire Tapestry Carpet at

72 1-2c yard

50 rolls 8-wire Tapestry Carpet at

62 1-2c yard

27 rolls good value Tapestry Carpet

52 1-2c yard

25 rolls best all wool Ingrain Carpet

53c yard

45 rolls best all wool, C. C. Carpet

46c yard

27 rolls best Ingrain Carpet

39c yard

250 rolls China Matting

\$3.99 roll

125 rolls China Matting

\$4.06 roll

135 rolls China Matting

\$5.89 roll

125 Reversible Rugs, fringed ends,

3x6, 88c

75 Reversible Rugs, fringed ends,

18x36, 29c

100 Crumb Cloth, 3x3, fringed

ends, \$2.49

256 pairs full length Lace Curtains

98c

175 pairs of extra wide full length

Curtains \$1.49

300 Cloth Window Shades, 7 feet

long 48c

We have the latest things in

Floor Coverings for offices, dining

rooms, halls and kitchens.

27 pieces of Linoleums, new shades

and colors 37 1-2c

42 pieces of Linoleums, good quality

42 1-2c

35 pieces of Linoleums, best quality,

heavy weight, 52 1-2c

Something New.

Linoleum Mats, 4.6x4.6, 6x6 feet, for washstands, vestibules and halls, to introduce them, will offer at cost.

We are receiving daily new shipments of

Carpets,

Mattings,

Rugs,

Curtain and

Drapery

Poles,

Shades,

Etc.,

And will save you money on your investment. Give us a call and examine our stock. Everything new and fresh.

MR. H. T. CRAFT,

Who is well known to the trade, has associated himself with me, and we can promise our friends and customers that all orders entrusted to us will meet with prompt attention and first-class work guaranteed.

Drapery and Awning work a specialty.

R. T. CORBETT

Keely's Basement.

Entrance Through Store,

Whitehall and E. Hunter Sts.

CARS TAKE YOU TO OUR DOOR

Taylor & Galphin

240 MARIETTA STREET.

SPECIALS FOR MONDAY.

These Goods will be sold only within the hours named, and the quotations are very properly limited to retail purchasers.

AT
NINE
O'CLOCK

Fruit of the Loom.....5c yard
Belding's 100 yard Silk.....5c
Copco Soap.....2 1/2c
Checked Nainsooks.....3c yard

At Three O'Clock--4-4 Lonsdale Bleached Muslin, 5c yard.
In buying your Easter Dresses remember we sell all Linings and interlinings at lower prices than any other house.

Opening Sale

Q' Spring Dress Goods, black and colored Silks, black and iridescent Dress Garnitures, Buttons and Belts; entire new lines of Ladies' ready made Dresses, Shirt Waists and Separate Skirts; also, advance lines of Children's and Ladies' Cotton Dresses, Duck Suits and Wrappers.

Black Dress Goods

Plain Cashmere and Serges, Mohairs and Sicilians, Wide Wale and Coasting Serges, Crepons and Armures, figured Mohairs and Brilliants, Silk and Wool Mixtures and extreme Novelty Black Goods in abundant assortments.

Novelty Silks and Woolens

Select and exclusive novelties in printed Warp Dressades, Scotch Plaids and Glaces, Scotch Tweeds and Harnockburn Home-spuns in two and three-tone effects; also, novelties in smooth-faced weaves in two-tone varieties.

New Garnitures

Black and colored Beaded and Spangled Gimpes and Passamenteries in all widths and colors; black and colored Beaded Ornaments, Yokes, Collars and Fronts, Gilt and Silver Buttons in large and small sizes; also, Iridescent and Pearl Buttons, from the smallest size to the largest; Persian Gilt and Silver Belts and Buckles in all widths.

New Wash Goods

36-inch Percales.....7c
36-inch Percales, best grades.....10c
Best Standard Calicoes, new styles.....5c
New Corded Damies.....10c

White Goods

Splendid quality Check Nainsook.....5c
Fine Sheer India Linen.....5c
Extra quality White Dimity.....10c
New Linen Batistes.....10c

New Laces and Embroideries

New fine Oriental Laces.....5c
New hand-made Torchon Lace.....5c
New Irish Point Embroideries.....5c
New Linen Batiste Embroideries.....10c

New Linens

100 dozen large all Linen Towels.....10c
22x45 all linen Huck Towels.....10c
100 extra heavy Bed Spreads.....7c
100 pairs Lace Curtains, 108 inches.....10c

Domestics

One bale 36-inch Sea Island.....4c
One case 36-inch Bleaching.....5c
100 pairs 80x90 Bleached Sheets.....1c
1,000 yards dark Outing Cloths.....5c

Lace Curtains

100 pairs Nottingham Curtains 3 yards long Monday 50c pair. Lace Curtains up to \$4 pair.

Soaps and Notions

100 cakes Buttermilk Soap; genuine.....7c
25 gross small Gilt Buttons; dozen.....5c
20 Ladies' Combination Pocketbooks.....5c
500 balls full-weight Crochet Silks.....10c

Hosiery.

Some special values in Ladies', Misses' and Men's Black and Tan Hosiery at

15c Pair

Skirt Special

Monday we will sell 100 Ladies' Navy and mixed Cheviot Skirts, some lined and stiffened, some very wide unlined, from 108 to 124 inches 'round the bottom, worth up to \$2.50, at 98c each

Gents' Furnishings

50 dozen Gents' Seamless Socks.....8c
25 dozen Black and Tan Half-Hose.....15c
50 dozen Gents' Colored Negligee Shirts.....20c
25 dozen Gents' White Unlaundered Shirts.....20c
25 dozen 50c quality new Neckwear.....25c
50 dozen Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers.....25c

Duck Suits.

150 Ladies' Navy and white, tan and gray printed Duck Suits Monday at

\$1.25

Children's Dresses

2,000 yards Indigo Blue Calicoes.....3c
1,000 yards Cotton Challises.....3c

At 11 O'Clock

2,000 yards Navy and White Lawns.....3c
2,000 yards Navy and White Lawns.....3c

At 12 O'Clock

50 pieces 44-inch two-tone Suitings.....12c
100 pieces 36-inch all-wool Serges.....15c
50 Pieces Changeable Silk Velvet.....20c

Separate Skirts



All our Skirts are lined with Rustle Taffeta and interlined with Grass Cloth and Fibre Chambray.

Plain Mohair, \$1.98 to \$3.98.
Figured Mohair, \$1.48 to \$4.98.
Plain Serge, \$1.39 to \$2.50.
Colored Silks, \$0.98 to \$1.98.
Black Satin, \$1.98 to \$7.50.

At 11 O'Clock

2,000 yards Striped Outing Cloths.....3c
2,000 yards Navy and White Lawns.....3c

Children's Dresses



Calico.....3c to 50c
Calico trimmed.....50c to 150c
Gingham, trimmed.....75c to 90c

At 12 O'Clock

50 pieces 44-inch two-tone Suitings.....12c
100 pieces 36-inch all-wool Serges.....15c
50 Pieces Changeable Silk Velvet.....20c

Moreen Petticoats

Black Cotton Moreen, \$1.25
Imported Moreen, \$1.08
Both two deep ruffles.

Corsets and Gloves

50 dozen 75c White Corsets, all sizes.....50c
25 dozen famous R. & G. Corsets.....75c
15 dozen Ladies' Hook Kid Gloves.....75c

Infants' Caps

New styles in Infants' Mull and Lace Caps, from 10c to 75c each.

House Wrappers.

Calico Wrappers.....50c
Best Calico Wrapper.....75c
Outing Cloth Wrappers.....75c
Percale Wrappers.....98c
Gingham Wrappers.....1.25
All made full.

Gents' Furnishings

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THE
GRAND

RAISES THE ROOF

**Yost Congregation of Colored People at
the Tabernacle Last Night.**

TWO SERMONS DELIVERED

**Messrs. Stuart and Jones Deliver Ring-
ing Sermons.**

DOCTOR STUART YESTERDAY MORNING

**The Famous Evangelist Will Preach
to Men Only This Afternoon.
Usual Service Tonight.**

**Sam Jones Today—Services for men only at
the Tabernacle at 3 o'clock p. m.; usual
services at night.**

The reputation of the great evangelist
brought forth an immense crowd to the
tabernacle last night. The central tiers
of seats were filled by colored people and
the big choir also. White people occupied
the side seats and stood in the aisles.

The first song was raised by a colored
brother who knew his business. Sam Jones
said "Let us sing that good song, 'He
Arose from the Dead.'" The crowd took
it up and made it ring, but not until the
doctor chanted, "When the General Roll is
Called I'll Be There"—was taken up and
made the grandeur of negro melody come forth.

labcarene" last night. The central tiers of seats were filled by colored people and the big choir also. White people occupied the side seats and stood in the aisles.

The first song was raised by a colored brother who knew his business. Sam Jones said "Let us sing that good song, 'He Arose from the Dead.'" The crowd took it up and made it ring, but not until the grand chorus. Then the colored Roll is raised and the "There" was taken up with the grandeur of negro melody come forth.

The leader was a remarkable one. He came there to lead the music, and his success was notable. No such voice was ever heard in that fairer place before. The grand chorus, and not a false note was heard.

Then followed another old song—"The Old Ship of Zion"—which gave full scope

so-called a colored man, Mr. Holmes, sang "The Hand of God on the Wall," and a moment later the choir sang "I Heard the Bells," which was one of the sweetest ever heard. A colored brother, Rev. Mr. Hilton, then led in prayer, and offered a most remarkable petition for eloquence and pathos.

Mr. Jones-then arose and announced "We are going to do better for you than we promised. We promised to preach to you, but we are going to give you two sermons instead of one." Then he stated, "I am a better colored preacher than I am, and I know you will say so when you hear him. We preach to the colored people everywhere we go, and they all like Brother

and then I will talk. We are going to have a regular old-fashioned hard sell Baptist service, and preach to you all tonight, and in that way we will keep you out of some of these other churches."

Mr. Jones then took his seat and Mr. Stuts took the platform.

"Brother Jones and I don't preach alike. Sometimes I wish I could preach like him, but I can't. There was nobody who can preach like Sam Jones. He goes up one side of the swamp and I go up the other, and he gets the sheep and no matter on which side the rabbit runs out he gets knocked over. Now I want to talk to you about your soul's salvation, and my text is found in these words: 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.'"

no accident when God made the white man, and it was not an accident when he made the black man. He made me white and He made you black, and He wanted me to stay white and He wanted you to stay black. If He had not, He would not have made us so. There are some things which have happened in God's providence that I want to tell you of. God's hand was in it when this great continent of America was discovered and settled up by the white people.

the first ship load of slaves was landed on the American coast. You were taken from the wilds of Africa, from habits of indolence and ignorance, and were brought to America and sold into slavery. God's hand was in this, and He is going to do

color of itself. I have on a white collar and a black cravat, and I think just as much of the cravat as I do of the collar. I have on a white shirt and a black coat, and think just as much of one as I do of the other. It is not color that makes the man; it is character, culture and cash! If you have these the color will stand along with them. You have heard of the rich colored man in California who is worth over \$100,000. He went one day into a white person's car on a railroad train, and

"He's all right; he is worth \$100,000!" Pretty soon the conductor came back and the man said, "What is that fellow's name?" And he told him. After awhile the conductor came along again and the man said, "Will you please introduce me to that gentleman over there?"

gentleman out of the negro in fifteen minutes! Nothing can help you like yourself. What you want to do is to pick up a white man and put him up where God wants him.

Here an old woman shouted out, "Oh, my Jesus!"

"You can't frighten me by shouting. I have been used to colored people all my life, and I know they are easily excited and will shout.

God said 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.' Now, my colored friends, the best thing that ever happened to you is your being put into slavery when you were brought to America. Look at the poor

man came. He had a great many advantages over you—was brave and warlike—when put in competition with a superior race he was driven back toward the setting sun, and now the last of them are gathered upon a few reservations in the far West. If you had been placed upon the American continent and had not been slaves, you would have been driven from the face of the earth. But God's hand was in the whole business; and you were made slaves. A price was put upon you

use you were worth from \$400 and \$500 to \$1,000 each that you were taken care of thousands of dollars each that you were taken care of. You were placed in the best families in the land and today some of the old-time slaves are the most cultured and honored of your race. You were taught to work, taught to be useful. God took care of you and as soon as you were ready for it He took the shackles off of you. But listen to me just as soon as He set you free you sold yourselves to the devil. You

your work. You went into all manner of sin and dissipation instead of serving and thanking God for the liberty He gave you. "God has done more than this for you. He has put the sweetest notes of music in your throats that was ever given to

oratory are unsurpassed. You are a religious people. You are the most religious people on earth, but not the most pious. I could talk to you for ten minutes of the new Jerusalem with pearly gates and Jasper walls and streets of gold and be the last one of you would be shouting. But while I do not object to shouting, I think you need to shout less and think more.

"God has made orators of you. Some of the greatest orators today on the Ameri-

randerson, of North Carolina, is the most eloquent speaker I ever heard. You are great orators and that is the reason that every other negro is a preacher, and you have the greatest talking and singing religion on earth. But with all this you have come back on God.

"See what God did with Israel. When they turned away from him he tore down

PRIMPOSE & WEST

Whites and Blacks.
Geo. H. Primrose, Wm. H. West.

THE

Barnes White Flyer

We are agents also for the Monarch and
Defiance bicycles, from \$40 to \$100. Full

RANDALL CYCLE CO.,

GUS CASTLE, Manager.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral will occur at the resi-

ge, but a pure
or Dyspepsia,
es, Neuralgia,

to your race. You have been following these red-nosed politicians around. Stick to your jobs and let them alone; they are after your votes and your cash and noth-

Led by Dr. Brosser, in the absence of Charley Tillman, who was indisposed, the people sang the opening song with a hear-

"Were I to modernize the text," he said, "I should put it about this: 'O strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the Holy City.'"

ed women and their children being ruined with them. You think this city is stirred, but it is not half awake yet. A man told

threw it out. If she had been awake she would not have done it. That was awful. But if we were all awake no more sons and daughters would be thrust into hell.

against these things. She awoke to see their dreadful effects. She asked her son to go hear him. He said no, the fool's just making for money. I don't want to

saying that she had not turned fool, too. She replied: No, brother, I heard the same sermon and came home and burned up the cards and will never play again.

drunkard and a gambler, and she did not know it. She, by her card playing and wine-drinking at home, had made him such, but now he was done. The mother swab-

made a great mistake once. I was sitting up with a corpse and it was lonely and dull. You know how dull such occasions are. I have been in some churches where it

to screaming and stirred the whole house and put some more women to screaming, and there were no more sleepy people in that house that night. But it was hard

men, who were sleeping soundly. She ran through the rooms dashing ice water on their faces and screaming that the house was on fire. It was an outrageous

An old woman in my church once said to me: 'Why don't you preach on gambling,' and it rang in my ears until I preached about it under the conviction of God's spirit. The biggest gambler in the town

batteries on all sorts of worldliness after
that.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW PASSES THROUGH

He and Cornelius Vanderbilt See Atlanta
By Electric Light.

ARE WORTH MANY MILLIONS

The Great Chauncey Begged To Be Ex-
cused from Talking.

ARE TRAVELING IN TWO PRIVATE CARS

They Are Having a Quiet Time—On
Their Way to California for Rec-
reation—Their Train Related.

Chauncey M. Depew and Cornelius Van-
derbilt were in Atlanta last night. They
came down on a belated train of the South-
ern, remained about twenty minutes in the
union passenger depot, and departed for
New Orleans.

The train reached Atlanta about 11
o'clock. A few curious-minded persons
were there to meet the magnates, but they
were not inclined to be sociable.

They had two private cars, a New
York Central car was Mr. Vanderbilt's;
the other was a Wagner. There were only
four in the party, exclusive of the ser-

He received the vote of his own state for
president in one of the national republican
conventions and four years ago he made
the speech recommending President Harri-
son. He is in great demand as an orator
and a few years ago was sued by a man
who wanted more pay for preparing an
address which Mr. Depew had delivered.

In 1886 the New York and Harlem Rail-
road Company retained him as counsel
and when that road was consolidated with
the New York Central he was taken into the
Central. He was elected second vice
president of the New York Central in 1882
and in 1885 he was made president. He has
a high reputation as a railway manager,
although he does not attend much to the
details now, leaving them to younger men.

Although he is sixty-two years old, Mr.
Depew does not look it by fifteen years.

He is often pointed to as a type of a suc-
cessful self-made man.

His Grandfather's Favorite.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is nine years younger
than the president of his railroad. Cor-
nelius is the eldest son of William H. Van-
derbilt. Cornelius was reared on a farm.
His grandfather, John A. Vanderbilt, old
Commodore Vanderbilt, and received a
thorough education. The grandfather
watched his progress with great interest.
Cornelius had a business turn, and was
placed as a clerk with one of the New
York banks. It is told of him that he was
careful and a hard worker. This pleased
the commodore and he transferred the
young man to a private banking house,
where he could learn the brokerage busi-
ness and the manipulation of money. The
old commodore never pushed William Hen-
ry forward, but seemed rather to keep
him in the background, but the old man
was bringing William H.'s oldest boy to
the front right along. By the time he was
twenty-two, Cornelius was in the office of
the Harlem road and began the study of
railway management and finance. A year
later he was made treasurer of the

A FAMILY AT OUTS

Robert Young Files Two Suits Against
His Wife.

THE SON SUES HIS MOTHER

A Petition in Equity Was Filed Yes-
terday by Young for the Re-
covery of His Property.

Robert C. Young, through his attorney,
T. R. Cobb, has filed an equitable peti-
tion against his wife, Martha J. Young.

The petition was filed yesterday in the
office of the clerk of the superior court,
and sets forth several allegations. Mr.
Young claims that he is now an old man
and was once a soldier in the civil war;

that he has been married many years, but
that his life has been made miserable on
account of the actions and conduct of his
wife.

He has also filed a petition for divorce,
in which he claims that the only happiness
he has had since his marriage was when
he was a soldier in the war and was ab-
sent from his home and wife.

The allegations which are contained in the
petition filed in equity are that he has
been financially embarrassed. In 1877 he
was a part of the old fair grounds prop-
erty. Since that time, he says, by the
practice of economy he has been enabled
to pay off all of his indebtedness and is
now in the dealer of life and suffering
from the wound which he received in the
war.

He claims that certain parts of the prop-
erty included in the original homestead is
located on Kelly street, which is worth
about \$15,000 and rents for \$50 per month;
that the rents have always been collected by
his wife; that she has misappropriated the
same; and he has since been forced to sue out
a divorce petition.

The petitioner further alleges that he has
no property beyond the homestead; that
he has but one child, a son, who is now
nineteen years of age. He states that he
is unable to earn a livelihood as he is too
old and feeble, and his work, which is
that of a stone cutter, is too vio-
lent for him to follow at this period of his
life.

He prays that a receiver be appointed
for his property and that the same be held
until the suit for the recovery of his prop-
erty is determined and until his minor
child is of age. In the meantime that re-
ceiver pay the taxes on the property and
pay the balance of the mortgage on the
same, and that he be appointed guardian
of his minor child, so that he will be
enabled to have sufficient money on
which to live during the pending of the lit-
igation. If he shall be successful in his
divorce suit, he asks that the court declare
the homestead at an end.

Mr. Young was a member of the city
council in 1874, and has lived in Atlanta
since the war.

A very interesting feature of the case,
although it has no direct bearing on the
suit in equity, is the fact that the minor
child, Willie G. Young, has just filed a
suit against his mother, alleging that she
is withholding from him his property. Al-
though he is not yet of age, he claims that
he has the right to his property, and has
been holding the property, and has contin-
ued his rents, and has refused to allow him
to collect any of the rents which are paid
over to the tenants.

With the filing of the petition in equity
yesterday, the suit for the recovery of his
property, the father and son have filed
been filed by the same family within a few
days. The son sues his mother for his
property, and the father sues his wife for
property and for a divorce. All the suits
will be taken up, as reached by the courts,
in their regular order.

LOCAL POST'S BIG MEETING.

Traveling Men Gather and Have an
Enthusiastic Session.

The Atlanta post of the Travelers' Pro-
tective Association of America held a very
important and unusually successful meet-
ing last night at the Kimball. Mr. J. M.
Skinner presided over the meeting on ac-
count of the absence of the president.

Mr. J. E. Smith, a collection of penit-
ents and drawings, among them Rosa Bon-
heur's "Horse Fair." He gave a fine club-
house to the employees of the New York
Central. He is practically the head of the
Vanderbilt family. His wealth is enormous.

THE INSURANCE FIELD.

Major John H. Morgan, who was recently
in charge of the Manhattan Life agency in
this city and who is now covering the south-

Charleston, and opposite each name is the
amount given him with which to carry on
his grand work. When he applied for en-
trance to the seminary the president of that
institution said that Johnson had the large-
est number on the list of recommendations
of any colored man in the south.

Rev. Johnson is and is surely full-blooded. He
has a steady bearing and wears side whis-
kers and has an intelligent look. He will
be with the Baptist union that meets Mon-
day afternoon at the church of Rev. Fel-
low.

When on the island of St. Helena, in Bu-
den county, South Carolina, he married.
His wife and two children accompanied him
to Atlanta. He wished to thank Mr.
Thomas R. Scott, of Augusta, for a pass
from that place to Atlanta.

African race, and is a fine specimen of the
race, and has a steady bearing and wears side
whiskers and has an intelligent look. He will
be with the Baptist union that meets Mon-
day afternoon at the church of Rev. Fel-
low.

TECHS DID 'EM UP.

Great Game of Ball Yesterday After-
noon at the Fort.

The third game of the series of baseball
between the teams of the Technological
school and Fort McPherson was played
yesterday afternoon at the barracks. The
Techs were sore over the loss of the two
preceding games and determined to win
back their lost honors, which they did
without any trouble, by a score of 15 to 12.

The soldiers were not in it at any part
of the game. The Techs got on to Soli-
esky's curves in the first inning, and bat-
ted him all over the field, setting six runs.
This good lead seemed to discourage the
soldiers, and they were unable to do any-
thing the rest of the game. In the sixth
inning the Techs put the soldiers on the
fort team, and met with the same punish-
ment as his predecessor. Vaughn did the
box work for the Techs, and pitched an
effective game. A large crowd was pres-
ent, including quite a number of popular
young ladies from Atlanta and College
Park.

The score by innings was as follows:

R. H. E. Techs 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 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32 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., March 22, 1896.

Ashburn, Ga., February 11, 1896.—Editor Constitution: Inclosed find check for \$4, which is placed to my credit for The Daily Constitution. Send paper on; could not get along without it—best paper published north, south, east or west. With respect,
S. B. HUDSON.

"None So Deaf as Those Who Do Not Wish To Hear."

The executive committee of Floyd county met yesterday at 12 o'clock, and by a practically unanimous vote, adopted and indorsed the resolutions of the state executive committee. It consolidated all primary action of the county in the nomination of county officers and members of the general assembly on the sixth day of June, and at the same time it submits to the democrats of the county the question of the United States senatorship. Thus on the 6th of June the democrats of Floyd, like those of Fulton, will vote their choice for senator.

It is strange that, notwithstanding this action was taken with practical unanimity, and that the meeting was short and harmonious, no mention of it was made in the "official" afternoon organ, published in Atlanta, which is connected with Rome by two telegraph lines and by direct telephone communication.

Fulton and Floyd counties are each represented in the house by three votes, being two of the six counties having the largest population and the largest representation. The executive committees of these two counties are the only ones which have as yet acted, and it is particularly noticeable that both have adopted the same course, consolidating all primaries, that for United States senator, as well as others, on the day fixed by the state committee for the election of delegates to the state convention. This is, of course, the day on which the largest democratic vote will be polled, and all those who favor a full expression on the senatorship, as well as on other matters, will accept it as the best time to secure a representative expression of the democracy.

There are those in the state who cannot conceal their fear at the mere suggestion that the people shall be heard from in the choice of the next United States senator.

Notwithstanding the fact that the last democratic convention adopted, by unanimous vote, a resolution instructing the executive committee to consolidate all primaries; and notwithstanding the fact that the state executive committee adopted resolutions which, in effect, suggest such general consolidation of all primaries and fix the sixth day of June as that on which all delegates to the state convention must be selected, the personal organ of the secretary of the interior, in its violent antagonism to Speaker Crisp, says in its issue of yesterday:

Mr. Crisp is being severely criticised for his persistency in urging a senatorial primary in June.

Only a few days ago it was opposing any primary action on the senatorship; but seeing that the voice of the people could not be stifled it has shifted its course and now waits the matter delayed until October in the hope that by that time something will turn up which will prevent any action at all.

The Savannah Press is more frank—it comes straight out against any senatorial primary, soon or late, and expresses itself against the democrats of Georgia naming their own senator at the ballot box this year, as follows:

The recent ingenious letter of Judge Crisp to the democratic executive committee in Atlanta is based upon what is said to be the growing sentiment throughout the country in favor of a constitutional amendment providing for the election of senators by the people. Upon this idea Judge Crisp suggests that primaries be held in each county in order to instruct members of the legislature how to vote for United States senator.

Would it be well to throw these elections into the hands of the people? The theory upon which our government rests is that the house represents the people and is elected by their ballots directly. The senate represents the sovereign states and its members are chosen by the state legislatures. This gives our government the dual capacity which has been the boast and safety of the legislative department. The very moment the upper house, or conservative branch of the government, is changed or emasculated the balance wheel is gone and one of the system of checks and restraints is lost. Sometimes the senate seems slow and uncertain in its movements. It has blocked good legislation by its cautious methods, but in the end it stands between the people and hasty legislation.

and has been a great benefit in preserving the character of our institutions. We are also struck with an interview with Hon. Fleming G. duBignon, appearing in the Macon correspondence of Secretary Smith's paper yesterday afternoon, as follows:

When asked for his views on Mr. Crisp's suggestion to leave the question of choosing the senator in primary elections, so conducted that the representatives in the legislature would have an indication as to the wishes of their constituents, Mr. duBignon said:

"I am not yet prepared to make known my views in regard to that proposition, but will probably do so within a few days. I have it under advisement."

We do not believe that Mr. duBignon said any such thing! Mr. duBignon has not yet formally announced his senatorial candidacy, but it is generally understood that he is in the race. We cannot believe for an instant that Mr. duBignon committed himself to any such proposition as that to which he is credited in the above quotation; and yet it shows the pressure which is being brought to bear to have the people refused consent to their demand that they shall be heard from in the choice of their senator—a demand which about fifty county democratic executive committees made two years ago, before the question was even seriously discussed over the state.

The effort to postpone senatorial primaries until October is only a cover to kill action by ballot. Senatorial primaries must be held in June, or it will be found that the people will be given no opportunity to be heard from in the counties not ordering such action on the day fixed by the state committee for the election of delegates to the state convention. Since there must be a primary on this day, why not dispose of the whole matter at one time, for on this day will be cast the biggest democratic vote ever polled in Georgia, and that is the time to settle the senatorship and all other matters.

Let the other counties follow the example of Fulton and Floyd, and allow all democrats to get together after the 6th of June, instead of being broken and divided until the very day of the election.

"The Present Gold Standard of Value." The people may not believe it, but the money power has already begun its campaign in behalf of "the present gold standard of value." We print in another column the address of the New York chamber of commerce (an organization controlled by the associated banks) to "the commercial bodies and business men of the United States."

It is not often that The Constitution engages in the work of circulating literature in behalf of "the present gold standard of value," but we give the address of the New York chamber of commerce for the benefit of the daily and weekly circulation of The Constitution to the end that the people may understand the character of the campaign that is being waged against their interests.

The address which we print was not intended for publication. It is sent privately to the various banks throughout the country, and is accompanied by the following letter of explanation:

Dear Sir—It is desired that the enclosed address should be sent to all your correspondents throughout the country, as an expression on a subject which the chamber of commerce deems very important. If you are willing to co-operate in this work, many copies of this address will be sent to you as you may be able to use. Please reply promptly to Sub-Committee on Correspondence on Sound Financial Legislation, Chamber of Commerce.

This, it will be seen, is not in the nature of a public campaign at all. It is carried on underground, as it were. The New York chamber of commerce sends its address to the banks and the banks send it to their correspondents, and so on and so forth.

There is nothing to criticize in all this, but we think it is necessary that the people should know what is going on. So far as the banks are concerned, this method of campaigning is perfectly legitimate. If the bankers procured wheat, or cotton, or corn or calico, they would be justified in using all their efforts to increase the value—the purchasing power—of these commodities. As they deal only in money, they are justified in using all their efforts to maintain and increase the purchasing power of the gold dollar.

At bottom it is a mere matter of business, and we can only hope that the honest voters of the country will be as diligent in looking after their interests as the banks are in looking after theirs.

Judge Crisp and the Senatorship.

The Washington Post, which is an independent newspaper, administrators to The Savannah Press a just as well as a severe rebuke for its flippant comments on the desire of Judge Charles F. Crisp to represent the people of Georgia in the United States senate. The Press says:

Mr. Crisp is now anxious, apparently, to get into the senate. Had he had more political foresight some time ago he would now be in that body without fear of opposition in the near future.

Considering the circumstances under which Judge Crisp declined the senatorship and the fact that he is an open and an avowed candidate on his record, not waiting to see "how the cat will jump," or how the people will feel a few months hence, the remarks of The Press are in decided bad taste, and The Washington Post makes haste to say so, adding that it does not "know of any act in the history of any man now in public life more creditable than Speaker Crisp's declaration of that appointment." The Post then goes on to describe the condition in which the party in the house

had been left by the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law and the defeat of the Wilson tariff bill, saying: "Mr. Crisp flung away ambition, not because he was deficient in political foresight, but because he cared more for his party than for Charles F. Crisp."

And this is true—so true that The Savannah Press ought to be heartily ashamed of its efforts to belittle the man who thought enough of his party at a critical juncture to sacrifice his own ambition to its interests.

Strangling Cuba.

While congress is debating as to the precise words in which it should treat the Cuban question, while President Cleveland is waiting for the evidence which will never come to him, the people of Cuba are being crushed to death by the Spanish human booby constrictor. It seems that every incentive to help those struggling for freedom must be way and that beneath the levianthus of trade human hearts and human hopes must be crushed. The people of the union, with a spontaneity unprecedented, have pleaded for the recognition of the suffering patriots, and notwithstanding the pleadings and the entreaties of the people for swift and decisive action, there seems to be some hidden power which hamstrings the authorities and which keeps them from responding to the popular wish.

It is time that the American heart should be thoroughly aroused as to the meaning of this delay and the causes which make her representatives neglect to perform the duties required of them. The United States owes it to every struggling people under the shadow of its name to see that they have a fair chance in the struggle and that they are not crushed out by barbarism which belongs to an almost forgotten age. If Cuba were circumstanced toward England as she is toward this country, Weyler would never have had a chance to have begun his campaign of blood and misery. The nation that leads in the affairs of men must prove itself worthy of leadership. The different peoples of the two American continents have tacitly acknowledged the leadership of the United States. How long will this continue if they see this great country cowering under the scowl of every little booted tyrant who assumes to throttle liberty and to strangle the life out of struggling people at our very shores. If the United States wishes to preserve her leadership she must exercise it. It is to be hoped that there may yet be enough manhood in congress to set the people right, and to warn Spanish despots that the time has come for them to return to their own shores.

Some Suggestive Figures. We present today another table compiled by Mr. J. W. Goldsmith, which shows what England has gained by the single gold standard and what this country has lost. The table is very complete and should be cut out and placed side by side with the table printed last Sunday. The two taken together show beyond all question that, while the amount of silver in a dollar has remained stable—that is to say, has maintained its purchasing power unimpaired, notwithstanding legislation against it—the quantity of gold in a dollar has more than doubled in value.

The result of this has been the sacrifice of the interests of our producers for the benefit of Great Britain, the creditor nation of the world. The process by which this has been accomplished is so well understood by the British politicians that Vernon Harcourt, a member of the English cabinet, recently declared that the fall in prices had given to the people of that country advantages of such inestimable value that they would not be willingly surrendered. This is the answer that Great Britain gives to those who have been appealing to her to enter into an international agreement to rehabilitate silver as a part of the standard money of the world.

The day has gone by, except in a few instances, when newspapers were printed as mere personal organs to pull the people around and to mislead them and to attempt to prejudice their opinion. The people have moved beyond that era and have arrived at the point where they form their own opinions, and they want newspapers to furnish them with the facts and they will do the rest. The Constitution spares neither pains nor expense in answering this great want of an intelligent constituency. It feels that its readers are men who know what they want, and when they enter their name as a subscriber they demand therefor the best that is in the market.

It is for this reason that men of all parties and of every party are found upon the subscription rolls of great newspapers. They read the editorial page for the information it furnishes. They are not called upon to either in dorse or reject it. But the one thing they do want is the facts of the day promptly set forth to make their own decisions. This accounts for the fact that The Constitution has more readers in the state of Georgia than any daily paper within its limits; that it goes into more homes and has more readers in the state of Alabama than its entire daily press; that in South Carolina The Constitution goes into more homes than its entire daily press.

This is the highest evidence of its excellence that a newspaper can offer.

Read the Figures. The commercial reports presented in The Constitution of yesterday morning must have fallen like a wet blanket on the shoulders of those who are trying to deceive the people about the beauties of the single gold standard. In that statement it is shown that the commercial liabilities for the month of March, one year ago, were \$3,272,471, and that during the "unprecedented prosperity" of the past year, owing to the security of money holders in the "soundness" of their money, the liabilities grew up to \$9,790,297 in the two weeks of March of the present year.

It is always well to have abundant faith. The more distant and the more unreal the object, the more the greater the faith it requires to still cling to it.

Amid the ruin and wreck of 1892, when banks and business houses went tumbling into chaos, we had the word of President Cleveland and of the secretary of the treasury and of the innumerable band of cuckoos, that with the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act would come such a period of prosperity that the people would arise and call these apostles of progress blessed.

The purchasing clause was repealed, stocks upon stacks of bonds have been issued, but still ruin stalks through the land. This is not an idle statement, for

it is based upon figures presented by the commercial agencies. These agencies are the creature of the very class of men who are seeking to force the gold standard upon the country, and if it was in their power to give a golden lining to the cloud they would do so; but the facts are against them, and the telegrams of yesterday spread it far and wide that in March of the present year there was two dollars of liability to every one dollar of a year ago.

The people are awake and will not be beguiled by empty sophisms and mandarin man-worship, but will act under these severe facts which tell of the ruin and the degradation of the business of the country.

Welcome to the Lady.

The Constitution is glad to see the announcement that The LaGrange Reporter, one of the ablest and best of the Georgia weekly newspapers, will be continued under the personal management of Mrs. Eleanor Calloway, the widow of the late proprietor.

It is becoming quite popular for ladies to hold the business management of newspaper property. A notable example of the successful management of a Georgia newspaper is that furnished by Mrs. Marie Louise Myrick. The American Times Recorder, under her management, keeps pace with the most advanced newspapers of the state, and there is no doubt that, under the charge of Mrs. Calloway, The LaGrange Reporter will obtain position even in advance of that it has always occupied. Another newspaper conducted by a woman is The Rome Georgian, whose efficient head is Mrs. Beniah S. Moseley.

Journalism is a work especially adapted to women, and their participation in it cannot fail to raise its tone and to have a good effect in every way. There is no reason why women should not run successful newspapers in almost every city in the state. It is an occupation in which they will find business independence and a full outlet for the ambition which is so often pent up.

Some Suggestive Figures. We present today another table compiled by Mr. J. W. Goldsmith, which shows what England has gained by the single gold standard and what this country has lost. The table is very complete and should be cut out and placed side by side with the table printed last Sunday. The two taken together show beyond all question that, while the amount of silver in a dollar has remained stable—that is to say, has maintained its purchasing power unimpaired, notwithstanding legislation against it—the quantity of gold in a dollar has more than doubled in value.

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As a matter of fact, Great Britain could give no other answer. Imagine a country overrun with pauper labor and infested with a population bred in poverty and want entering into an international agreement to make the prices of the staple commodities higher. There is no such lack of greed in Great Britain as that. It is to the interest of that country to maintain the gold standard. Although the farmers and manufacturers of that country are suffering from the results, yet what the farmers and manufacturers lose the bondholders and the bankers gain. More than that, the gold standard has given the British all most absolute control of the resources of the United States. As Mr. Goldsmith truly says, what their army and navy could not gain they have gained by clandestine legislation brought about by bribery and corruption. They have absolutely conquered the people of this country for the time being, and what is called "the battle of the standards" is in reality a contest between British interests as opposed to the interests of the people of the United States.

Mr. Goldsmith shows as clearly in his table as in his first that the purchasing power of the gold dollar has more than doubled during the past twenty-two years, whereas the purchasing power of 412½ grains of silver bullion has remained stable, varying only with the variations of supply and demand. The advocates of the gold standard point to the fact that one of our dollars, valued in gold, will command two Mexican dollars, but they forget that the people know that a Mexican dollar was worth \$1.10 in American gold in 1873.

What has caused the great difference between the value of the American gold dollar and the Mexican silver dollar? Simply the doubling of the value of the American gold dollar. The Mexican dollar will buy as much in this country as it would twenty-two years ago—as much cotton, as much wheat, as much calico, as much iron. But the American gold dollar will buy more than twice as much. This is what the agents of the money power call "sound" money, and it is "sound" from their point of view.

But is it "sound" from the point of view of producers? Is it "sound" money from the point of view of those who have corn, and wheat, and cotton to sell? The value of gold has steadily increased, and this increase has been registered in the steady decline of all other commodities. When a stream rises and overflows its banks those who are affected by it do not go about claiming that the land around has sunk and so given the water an opportunity to overflow it. If they did their neighbors farther away would conclude they were fools. But here are men who live on the gold stream asserting that everything else has shrunk and fallen away while gold alone has remained stable. Those who make this assertion are not fools—

they know better; but those who believe it are fools.

Mr. Goldsmith's figures are taken from official sources—from government reports and from the reports of the metropolitan exchanges. They will not be disputed by any competent person, and the results they disclose cannot be denied, since they tally exactly with the experiences through which the producers of the country have passed.

The campaign of the money power has begun. See the address to commercial bodies and business men in another column.

Editor Stovall should never strike a blow below the belt, especially when he is hitting at such a democrat as Charles F. Crisp.

John Sherman's boom expanded itself into a book and is now entombed between covers. But John has the consolation of knowing that he has done the people of his country more harm than any other man that ever lived.

Having discovered that they can't prevent the people from expressing their choice for senator, the goldolators are now trying to postpone the whole matter to the election day in October.

Why can't the people fight as earnestly in behalf of their interests as the bankers and the money power do for theirs?

WORKING AT BOTH ENDS.

How New York Wants to Control Both National Conventions.

The following circular, to which editorial reference is made to-day, explains itself:

"Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, New York, March 5, 1896.—To the Commercial Bodies and Business Men of the United States: The chamber of commerce of the state of New York believes that the time has now come for a movement on the part of the commercial bodies and all men, whether engaged in farming, manufacturing or trade, who are interested in commercial prosperity in the United States, to remove from political agitation the question of the permanence of the standard of value upon which all of the business of this country is transacted. It invites co-operation to this end, in an effort to create a strong public opinion in behalf of an unequivocal declaration by the political conventions of both of the great parties in favor of the maintenance of our existing standard and of the elimination of all doubtful expressions in respect to the re-opening of the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver.

"The time is past, if it ever existed, for any halting, doubtful phrasing to express the meaning of political parties upon this important subject. We must have no platforms that can be interpreted to mean one thing in one part of the land and another thing in another part of the land.

"It is important to every business man, producer and wage earner to put a stop to the enormous cost to the government and to all of our people resulting from the continuance of the agitation in favor of the free coinage of silver, which stands in the way of a revival of confidence and national business prosperity.

"Therefore, we ask all citizens to unite in a vigorous effort to urge the selection of delegates to the political conventions of both great parties who will advocate clear and distinct platform utterances in favor of the maintenance of the present gold standard of value. The time is short and action ought, therefore, to be all the more prompt and determined.

"By order of the chamber.

"ALEXANDER E. ORR, President.

"GEORGE WILSON, Secretary."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Some Cuban facts are worth noting as showing the conditions on the New Isle. Within the last few years it has occurred, through legal trickery and despotism, that there has not been a single Cuban arrested on the mainland of Havana. Every seat was filled by a Spaniard, imported from Spain. From 1878 to the present time the province of Matanzas has had twelve governors, eighteen of whom were Spaniards, and one Cuban, and the latter was an army officer who had fought against his countrymen in the ignominious war. These cases are mere samples which might be duplicated a hundred times. They show how Cuba is misgoverned by aliens and why her people desire home rule.

Bloomers as an aid to smuggling were tried by two San Francisco girls in an experiment that failed. The girls took passage to Honolulu on one of the mail steamers and excited the suspicion of the Hawaiian customs officers by going ashore clad in voluminous bloomers. They were followed to a house in Honolulu where the discarded bloomers and sixty tins of smuggled opium were found. The girls were arrested and convicted of smuggling, but on appeal to the supreme court the case against them was dismissed because their guilt was not proved clearly. The girls returned to San Francisco a few days ago in the steamer, wearing skirts.

London leads the list of cities in its number of women who are either domestic or skilled workers. New York is next. The workwomen over fifteen average about 300,000 in New York city, as against 75,000 a quarter of a century ago. There are probably about 500,000 women of working age in a city like New York, with its 2,000,000, and this shows that half of them are obliged to toil.

Chief Justice Mercer Beasley, of New Jersey, now an octogenarian, has sat on the bench for nearly forty years. "Despite this advanced age," says The Philadelphia Record, "his intellect is as bright as ever, and his sense of humor as keen as it was fifty years ago. His associates on the supreme bench tell an anecdote which occurred during the last term of court. A certain young lawyer, whose idea of forensic strategy was to be in the use of extraordinary law terms, without regard to fitness, handed the chief justice a copy of his brief. After glancing at it the judge interrupted the lawyer by remarking: 'Mr. Blank, what particular meaning did you attach to this sentence when you wrote it? The young lawyer attempted to explain, but was finally forced to admit that he had forgotten the significance of that particular sentence. Thereupon the old chief dryly remarked: 'You remind me of a philosopher who, years after having written a certain book, was asked to explain a passage. After studying awhile he said: 'Young man, when that passage was written just two knew its meaning. Now only one knows the meaning—that one is Almighty God.'"

A Straddle of Straddles.

The Ohio currency plank of 1896 is just about what ambitious students of Ohio politicians and Ohio platform declarations expected it to be. It is the old Minneapolis plank of 1892, with a little extra verbiage and "fine writing" thrown in.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

For Her Sake.

All day long, with sigh or song,
Toil I for her sake;
She is where the roses throng—
I where thunders break
From the reckless city's mart;
For a rainbow's round my heart!
For I sing: "The day will die!"
Toil will soon be past,
And the stars in Love's own sky
Lead me home at last!
Home, beneath the tranquil skies,
Where she waits with wistful eyes,
"Home! where love is kindest—best,
Where the hearth is bright;
Home! where sweetly on my breast
I fall her curls of light!
Home! from all the world beguiled
By the kisses of a child!"

Nancy's Picture.

Strange things happen in this world; a fellow never knows
When he's grievin' 'bout a thorn 'twill blossom to a rose of love.
An' when he rolls in rees from summer-time to fall,
An's jest enjoyin' of himself, a blizzard kills 'em all!
An' sayin' that reminds me of a little story—
—true
As the sermon that the parson keeps a-thunderin' at you;
It's all about a pictur' that a fellow had to paint;
But don't think I'm the hero of the story, for I ain't!
Jim fell in love with Nancy, an' I'll say this much for Jim:
He was such a likely feller, Nancy fell in love with him.
The day was set for marryin'—all things was goin' right—
An' for Jim the sun was shinin' an' the stars was out at night.
But one of these here artists men that takes your pictur' fine—
That makes 'em look as big as life—jest makes you rise an' shine!
He came along an' says to Jim: "Your lady can't be beat;
I want to paint her pictur' with them red lips smilin' sweet!"
An' Jim—he gave the order: the artist jerked his coat
To paint the face of Nancy for a twenty-dollar note.
An' every day, in rain or shine, she'd go and sit to him;
An' there wasn't a livin' mortal that was happier than Jim.
The artist kept a-paintin' an' Nan—she'd never stir,
But she frequent caught him smilin' an' lookin' sweet at her;
An' then the thing got mutual, an' so—one summer day,
They fell into each other's arms an' took an' run away!

"Twas hard to realize it—gone with Jim's weddin' ring
An' twenty shinin' dollars he'd been savin' up since spring;
But Jim—he jest set down an' said: "This here's a queer old world!"
An' held on to the pictur', for the artist had the girl!

Lucinda.

How doth the spring in bud and blossom
Smiles the summer for Lucinda's sake!
But glad my heart,
And sad my heart!
So very far away thou art,
Though thou shouldst break
Thou mayst not take
One flower that blossoms for Lucinda's sake!
How doth the autumn, with its smilings sweet,
Scatter its gold before Lucinda's feet!
But oh, my heart,
And woe, my heart!
So very, very poor thou art,
It is not meet
That thou shouldst beat
For one leaf, fluttering at Lucinda's feet!

How doth the winter with its flakes of white
Hide the red roses from Lucinda's sight!
But oh, my heart,
Bend low, my heart!
Though very far away thou art,
Ere thou shalt break
Thou mayst not make
A rose in winter for Lucinda's sake!
—Frank L. Stanton.

THE GRAND REUNION.

Commander-in-Chief Walker Gives It His Approval.

From The Philadelphia Press.
The survivors of the Old Philadelphia brigade are a happy set of veterans. Not only will the president and his cabinet, the army and the navy, be present at the dedication of their Antietam monument on September 17th next, together with the governors and the legislatures of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the mayor of Philadelphia and the mayor and city council of Baltimore, but the Grand Army of the Republic will participate in the ceremonies.
After the proposed parade of the blue and the gray in New York city on July 4th next was protested against by Commander-in-Chief General Ivan N. Walker, the commander of the Philadelphia brigade concluded to write to General Walker relative to the intended national reunion of comrades of the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, the armies of Grant and Lee, inviting his presence and participation, to which the commander in chief makes this reply:

"I accept with pleasure your very kind invitation to me to be present at the dedication of your Philadelphia brigade monument at Antietam in September next, and the reunion of the survivors of the Army of the Potomac and the army of Northern Virginia, and if possible shall be present and participate in the dedication of your monument and enjoy the reunion and fraternization of the men who more than forty years ago contended with each other at that place for the victory in one of the most sanguinary battles that history records.

"Such meetings as these have the approval of every patriotic citizen. How much have the people of the nation yet to see of the feeling that has grown up between the men who did the fighting on both sides before they can come to an understanding of the dormant sentiment in the hearts of comrades of the Grand Army.

"The man who fought on the side of the south, and who now stands with me for our common country and the perpetuity of its institutions, is my fellow citizen, and we who have mingled with those who were the gray in that struggle know that the trouble is not with the men who did the fighting, who stood up and faced us and gave us a man's chance for the opponent's life, but rather with the fellows who are available in war and who are always vindictive in peace."

A DOUBLE DOLLAR.

How England Crushed Cotton on Gold's Advance.

Editor Constitution—An advocate of the single gold standard labors to impress upon the minds of his readers that "the fact is undisputed that one of our dollars will buy twice as much as a Mexican dollar either here or in Mexico." I wish to corroborate his statement and to present the proof of the "fact"—which no advocate of free silver disputes, so far as I am advised—and I respectfully call the attention of every one who doubts "the fact" to this table. "The fact" is that "our dollar" of today has been, by partial legislation in its behalf, doubled in value, and is a 200 cents dollar and is a demand upon the debtor for double the obligation made a few years since, while the Mexican silver dollar can only demand 100 cents of the debtor on such obligations.

The Mexican silver dollar is despised by gold standard advocates for the reason that it will buy only half as much of the products of the farm as favored gold will buy. We cannot blame the English and other foreigners who buy our farm products for favoring the gold standard. They are not agriculturists, and it is to their interest to buy our produce for as near nothing as they possibly can and pay for them in their high priced manufactured goods.

One country alone—England—paid \$3,500,000 less for the same number of pounds of cotton in 1895 than she paid in 1890, which The Statist credits to "the fall in the price of cotton," but which might have been more truthfully credited to the advance of gold.

Nice little saving for one country is one commodity in a single year.
The Statist says again, that in our wheat and flour supplies in 1895 there is a benefit from the low prices of no less than \$12,600,000, as compared with 1890. A handsome turn for the old mother country. Nearly an eighth of a billion dollars saved, and that under the standard of values in two articles alone in one year. What they could not accomplish with their army and navy they have accomplished fighting with the price of the gold standard. Again The Statist says: "The benefits to this country from the fall in prices amounts to the enormous sum of \$29,400,000 in 1895 as compared with 1890. A glance at the following table showing the pounds they have taken from our producers without paying therefor, is a complete verification of The Statist's claims. While it is to the interest of England, other foreigners and the east to favor such a financial system, can it be expected, on the other hand, that the south and the west, which are almost wholly engaged in agriculture, should favor a scheme that takes all they produce at half prices because it is called "sound" and deprives most of them powerless to pay their debts?"

The question of the soundness of silver prior to 1873 was never raised; the question of its honesty as a true and equitable measure of value since cannot be disputed, and that gold alone as a standard is a constantly increasing and dishonest measure is undisputed.

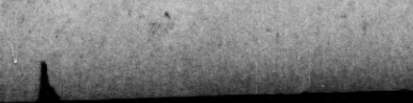
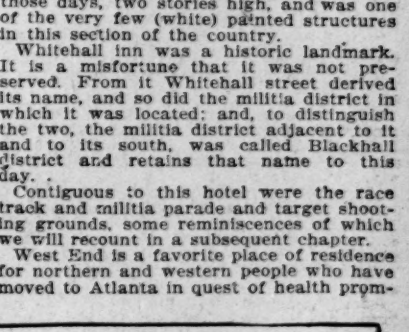
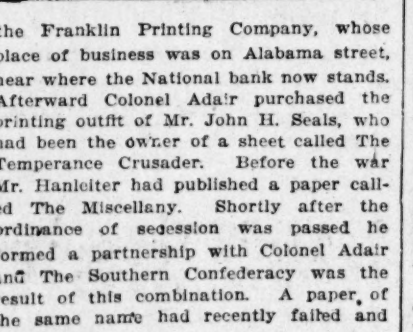
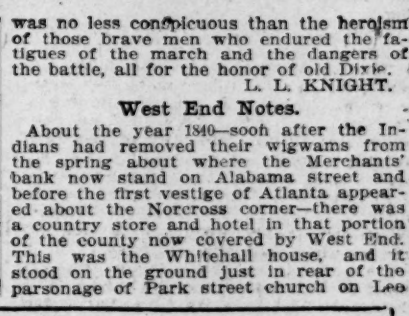
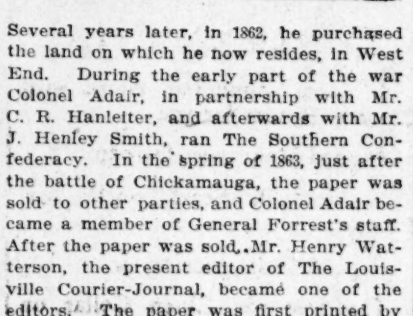
J. W. GOLDSMITH.

Table showing the steady increase in 23½ grains of gold the gold dollar has doubled in purchasing power in twenty-two years, and the stability of silver bullion, 412½ grains of silver dollar unit, as exchanged for about the same quantities of other commodities:

YEAR	Gold dollar (412½ grains
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Scenes Presented in an Interesting Series of Photographs, Taken About a Month Before the City Was Destroyed---Some Rare Pictures Now for the First Time Reproduced

There has never been a time in Atlanta's history when the brave and patriotic women of this city have not been equal to the situation; and their devotion to the south during the perilous days of the war



led by the balmy air and resplendent odors of the spring. Nearly all these are people of culture and refinement as well as of means. If you will ask them what influenced them to leave the West and they will reply that the almost universal trend of elites in this and contiguous latitudes is to the west and south.

"In the spring and fall," they say, "the prevailing winds are from the south and southwest and carry from us instead of toward us all the smoke, dust, soot, malaria and miasma, and consequent diseases that arise from the city."

This will explain the presence in West End of so large a number of homes. From the west and north who have sought this country on quest of business, health and homes.

Many hundreds of persons have presented themselves at the San Jose revival as candidates for church membership. Mr. Jones keeps a list of all these and the names of the various churches the candidates expect to join. Names are reported to a gentleman who apprises the various churches. A few days ago a by-stander expressed surprise that none of the candidates were from West End, whereupon a West End resident said: "Why I can explain the fact. In West End it is already a member of the church."

While this may not be the whole truth, it is substantially correct and affords a fair understanding of the high moral standard of West End citizenship.

DEATH ON A FENCE.

SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY FOUND HANGING TO A PALING.

Israel Eplan fell from a Fence Top and Was Suspended in the Air by a Gate Loop.

Hanging to a fence paling, a rope around his neck, Israel Eplan, the six-year-old son of Leon Eplan, of 41 Medford avenue, was found shortly before noon yesterday. When cut down the boy was almost dead and the breath left his body. He died before medical aid could reach him.

The manner of the boy's death was tragic. Just how he managed to hang himself to the paling is not known. He was found dangling against the fence, a loop about his neck. The loop rested over the top of the paling, strangling the little fellow until death relieved him.

It is supposed that the boy accidentally fell off the fence, the loop catching over the paling as his body fell. He had been playing about the yard with a rope loop used to fasten a gate thrown around his shoulder. His parents believe that in either falling or getting down from the fence the loop accidentally became fastened over the paling, suspending the lad in the air.

The unfortunate little fellow is the son of the proprietor of a loan office at 78 Decatur street. Yesterday morning the boy's father purchased a suit of clothing for his son and had started home with it when he heard of the accident. Running home he found that his boy was dead. Mrs. Eplan found her son hanging to the fence and she cut the rope which caused his death.

Israel and several little boys had been playing a short time before the accident. A little sister of the boy was out in the yard with him and she ran to her mother when her brother fell off the fence.

The little girl can hardly talk and she could not explain how her brother met his death. She told her mother that her brother had kicked her, it appearing that the child ran to her brother while he was struggling against the side of the fence.

When the mother went out to look for her son she found him as hanging to the fence. The body of the little fellow was cut down by her mother and she carried it to the house. Some one ran for a doctor, but it was too late. The police were notified and Coroner Faden was sent for. He investigated the case and decided that an inquest was not necessary. The remains of the boy were prepared for interment today.

"WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?"

Mr. Burcham Harding Will Lecture This Afternoon.

Mr. Burcham Harding, lecturer for the Theosophical Society in America, will speak at Phillips & Crew's music hall, on Peachtree street, this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, on the subject of "Re-incarnation."

Mr. Harding is one of the leading theosophical thinkers of the age and is a lecturer of great ability. The doctrine of theosophy is a discussed question of the present day among all the able thinkers. The programme of his lectures while here will be as follows:

Sunday, 23d, at 3:30 p. m.—Subject, "Re-incarnation."

Monday, 24d, at 8 p. m.—Subject, "Human Perfection."

Tuesday, 25th, at 8 p. m.—Subject, "Purpose of Theosophy."

The lectures will be free to all and those who attend will be well repaid.

At the conclusion of Mr. Harding's talk any one who wishes to ask questions will be answered by the speaker. Mr. Harding will explain fully what theosophy is. There will be no collection charge and all are invited to attend.

GOZA IS FREE.

The Two Warrants Against Him Dismissed.

Walter Goza is a free man. No warrant stands against him now, although only a few days ago three warrants were against him.

Goza came out of a long lane of trouble yesterday morning. He was carried to Judge Landrum's court yesterday morning and the warrants charging him with larceny, was dismissed.

After being dismissed from Judge Landrum's court, Goza was taken to the court of Bloodworth's court, where his attorney effected a settlement of the case against him there. This case was when Pat J. McCullough charged him with larceny after trial.

Goza was indeed a happy man when he found himself free from all charges. Not one of the cases against him went to trial, but all were dismissed before any evidence was heard.

PUT UP COSTS FIRST.

Non-Residents Must Put Up Before Trial.

The justices of the peace and notaries public of the two Atlanta districts held a meeting a few nights since and decided to try no cases where the plaintiff is a non-resident without the costs are first put up by the plaintiff or his attorney.

The following notice to attorneys was issued: "To attorneys: The undersigned hereby give notice that from and after this date the provisions of sections 2771, 2772 and 2773 of the code as to costs in cases of non-resident plaintiffs, will be strictly enforced: Edgar H. Orr, J. C. N. P. and J. P., 102nd district G. M.; S. M. Landrum, J. P., 123th district G. M.; W. E. Foutte, N. P. and J. P., 123th district G. M."

THE GOVERNOR SICK.

Governor Atkinson Not at the Capitol Yesterday.

Governor Atkinson has not been in his office for several days because of sickness. He was some better yesterday morning, but is still confined to his bed. There is nothing serious the matter and it is expected that he will be out tomorrow.

Professor Lane's Lecture.

On Tuesday, March 24th, at 7:30 p. m. Professor Charles Lane will lecture at the mission fee of 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children is a small charge for the rich entertainment Professor Lane gives and no one could make a better investment.

SPRING TERM BEGINS

Wheels of the Criminal Court Will Be Put in Motion Monday.

THE BRYAN CASE COMES UP

The Case of the State Against Rothery, Charged with Stealing Diamonds, Also Set for Monday.

The criminal branch of the superior court will convene tomorrow morning and Judge John S. Candler will conduct that branch of the court for the first time since he was appointed by Governor Atkinson to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Richard H. Clark.

The calendar of the court is filled with many criminal cases of an interesting nature and the term will be quite a busy one. In addition to the cases which were made several weeks ago, there will be many others which have been brought within a few weeks.

One of the cases set for tomorrow is that of the state against J. F. Bryan. Bryan is represented by Attorney E. M. Mitchell and Messrs. Arnold & Arnold. The state will be represented by Solicitor Charles Hill. The case of Bryan reaches the court under an indictment which was recently returned by the grand jury. Bryan is charged with having shot a woman early in last December.

The shooting occurred in Reynoldstown and the woman was named Kate Woods, who is said to have been a customer of Bryan, who was a furniture dealer. At the time of the shooting Bryan was at the house of the woman in Reynoldstown, for the purpose, so he states, of collecting an installment of money for furniture which he claims was past due. He was arrested on the evening of the shooting and his personal appearance showed that he had been in a difficulty, as his head was badly beaten and he was covered with blood.

When he was arrested he confessed to the shooting, but claimed it was accidental. An inquest was held over the body of the dead woman and it was testified by several that while Bryan was in the house he had in his hand a pistol, which was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking the woman and killing her. The shooting was said to have been accidental on the part of Bryan.

Several days after the finding of the coroner's jury a true bill was found by the grand jury and the case, based on a charge of murder, will be reached tomorrow morning and will be entered into by the state.

Rothery's Case Comes Up Monday.

The case of H. M. Rothery, charged with stealing diamonds from the store of the Freeman Jewelry Company, will be tried Monday.

Rothery is represented by Attorney W. T. Moyers, while Solicitor Hill has associated Attorneys Arnold & Arnold with him in the prosecution of the case for the state.

The charge on which Rothery is to be tried was made several weeks ago. It was claimed that in the early part of December last Rothery and a companion entered the store of the Freeman Jewelry Company, and while the men were looking at the precious stones it is said they stole a number, amounting in value to nearly \$2,000. Rothery and his companion immediately left the store and the theft was discovered a few moments later.

Rothery's companion was supposed to have been a man named Dale, who escaped, but Rothery was arrested at the union depot as he was in the act of catching an outgoing train. He was given a preliminary hearing before Judge Bloodworth and was bound over, after which a true bill was returned by the grand jury.

A number of other criminal cases have been set for the first week, but it is hardly possible that any but the two above mentioned will be reached. It has not been stated which case will be taken up first, as this will have to be determined after the court meets in session and a conference is held by Judge Candler and the lawyers in the cases which have been set.

A New Trial Granted.

Cord Howisworth, the negro convicted of killing Motorman Johnson last summer, has been given a new trial by Judge Candler.

Cowisworth was charged with killing the young motorman with a brick just as the latter was entering his home. The crime was considered to be a cold-blooded affair and when the trial of the negro was reached he was convicted and sentenced to life in the penitentiary.

A motion for a new trial was at once entered and argument was made on the motion before Judge Candler several days ago. The judge heard the evidence, but announced it yesterday, granting the trial.

John Herria, charged and convicted of an assault upon Attorney John W. Cox, will not be given a second trial, as this has been raised him by Judge Candler. The negro has been in jail waiting until some action could be taken. The case will probably go to the supreme court.

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TO BUY

GOOD ARTICLE

—IS TO—

Save Money.

Lace Curtains

SILK CURTAINS.

Chenille Curtains

Tapestry Curtains.

We have some unprecedented offers to make you this week in the above lines.

SEE OUR

LACE CURTAINS.

500 Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, worth \$1.50, at the low price of 70c. a pair.

We have some excellent styles that are worth \$1.75 a pair, and this week you can buy them at 90c. a pair.

Extra Wide Curtains at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, and any of them are worth double the money.

We have a full range of

Irish Point Brussels and Tambour Curtains

at same reductions.

Upholstery Goods and Draperies.

Exceptional cut in prices on all Upholstery Goods by the yard. Also Draperies we've cut the price in two. You can save 50 per cent. by doing your own drapery work.

CHAIRS,

For Bed Room, Dining Room, Sitting Room,

50 per cent. under the price. A lot of Willow Rocking Chairs \$1.35 and up.

PARLOR GOODS.

Full suits or odd pieces reduced again to close. Price is no object, we must get them out.

China Closets, Book Cases, Shaving Stands, Chiffoniers, Music Cabinets, Hat Racks, Sideboards, ordered for the spring trade, a beautiful assortment.

DINING TABLES,

Extension Tables, size 6 feet, only \$3.50, 8 feet only \$4.50. A fine line of better goods.

GUT PRICES.

25 Couches, Bed Lounges, etc., \$6.50 and up.

25 Sideboards, Solid Oak, from \$8.25 and up.

30 Bed Room Suits, Solid Oak, \$12.50 and up.

Grand Rapids and all the best makes

15 Hat Racks at \$2.75 and up.

15 Hat Racks at \$4.50 and up.

COTS, SPRINGS, ETC.

50 Woven Wire Cots and Cotton Pads at \$1.75. Only fifty left.

Only a few more of those Fiber and Cotton Mattresses at 75c.

40 pound Cotton Mattresses only \$3.80. All Kinds of Wire Springs at cut prices.

BEDS, ALL KINDS.

¾ and full size Iron Beds, with brass trimmings from \$4 to \$10.

A nice line of Iron Cribbs, brass trimmings. Fine Mantel Folding Beds to close at \$7.50 and \$9.00. A Nice Variety of

WARDROBES,

at low prices

Office Furniture.

Lots of Roller Top, Flat Top Desks.

Rotary Office Chairs, Library Tables, and Ladies' Secretaries that you can buy now at Half Price.

ATTRACTING ATTENTION.

A Popular Place for the Swells of the Town.

A restaurant that is attracting considerable attention just now is that of Mr. B. Vignaux, on Whitehall street. It has grown to be of late, if it has not always been, the most popular rendezvous of the swell, and this is due very largely to the splendid cuisine and excellent service the place affords.

M. RICH & BROS.

GIVE THE GREATER VALUES

IF NOT THE LOWEST PRICES.

BAIT.

When a dealer in the

FURNITURE OR CARPET

Line tells you he can sell you goods less than our price he is baiting you.

OUR PRICE

Is less than he has to pay for the goods.

READ THESE

Biglow Axminsters slightly soiled, we will close out both Carpet and Border

At \$1.00 per yard.

Also Smith's Moquettes and Axminsters at

60c a yard.

Brussels, Wiltons, Moquettes and Velvets, all new spring goods,

Best Tapestry Brussels Carpets

8-wire,

Only 40c per yard.

9 wire Tapestry Brussel,

Only 47c per yard.

Double extra 10 wire Tapestry Brussels,

55c per yard.

Very heavy High Pile Wilton Carpets,

Only \$1.00 per yard.

Smith's new and best Axminsters,

75c a yard.

Biglow Axminsters,

Only \$1.20 per yard.

Ingrain Carpets.

Best Extra Super—all wool filled Ingrain Carpets, per yard, only

35c.

Extra Super all wool Ingrains will be sold at per yard

45c.

RUGS.

Remnant Rugs and Misfit Carpets at your own price.

Oriental Designs in Japanese Rugs at cut prices.

3x6 feet at.....\$1.25

4x7 feet at.....\$2.50

6x9 feet at.....\$3.75

9x12 feet at.....\$8.50

Hair Rugs in white or grey, size

3x6 feet only.....\$1.50

Oriental Turkish Rugs, in various makes, prayer or matting, and up to full size Carpets.

New Smyrna, Axminsters and Milton Rugs at cut prices.

Chinese and Japanese Matting Just Received.

150 Rolls Jointless White Matting, 40-yard rolls, only \$4.00 roll.

Our 20c Fancy Matting, by the yard, now at 12½c.

Our 25c Matting will now sell per yard at 15c.

A big line of Cocoa Matting, yard wide, real English Napier 4-4 Matting at 30c yard.

Linoleum per square yard 30c to 75c.

Ottomans.

Fine Carpet Ottomans, worth 75c and \$1.00 each,

At 35c and 40c

COUCHES.

This Week Only.

25 Couches, Upholstered in Corduroy, with spring edges; we sold them at \$12.50.

Our Price Now \$7.75

A full line, all colors, Leather Couches and Chairs in great variety.

SPECIAL SALE OF

HOSIERY

Ladies' full seamless fast black, 10c per pair, worth 25c.

40-gauge imported Hose, Hermsdorf black, double heels and toes, 15c per pair.

French Lisle Hose, double sole, heel and toe, 25c per pair.

Drop stitch Lisle Hose, 50c quality, 3 per pair for \$1.

Ladies' Slipper Hose, 40 gauge, embroidered silk instep, only 25c per pair.

Children's full seamless fast black ribbed Hose, only 10c per pair.

Our 15c imported Hose for children, in tan and black, have double knee, sole, heel and toe.

150 dozen Ladies' medium weight Underverts at 15c each.

Ladies' pure Silk Vests, 50c each, worth \$1.

100 Boys' Suits, 75c each.

Full line of Boys' Mother's Friend Shirt Waists at special low prices.

Shirts Shirts.

A good Laundered Shirt with Colored Bosom for 50c.

A good Undervest for 25c.

A Pure Silk Scarf, worth 50c, for 25c.

A good Suspender for 9c.

IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE

How the Day Will Be Observed in the Sanctuaries of Religion.

MR. JONES AT THE TABERNACLE

Meeting for Men Only This Afternoon. Items of Religious Interest for All Classes of People.

Atlanta is beginning to catch the chautauqua spirit. Deep interest in chautauqua methods of thought and study has recently been aroused by the Atlanta Chautauqua Society, organized in this city about four weeks ago. This society is composed of some of Atlanta's most gifted literary people, and from the enthusiasm already manifested in the movement, it bids fair to become one of the most flourishing organizations in the city.

At the last meeting of the society Mr. Marvin L. Case reviewed the foregoing of the great New York chautauqua assembly, at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., when the handsome buildings now there were simply a dream of the future. A ravine between the small hills was scooped out into amphitheater form. This was seated with rough boards for benches and simply covered over the top with a tent cloth, and rough board sheds or canvas tents were the only sleeping apartments.

Mr. Case had gone there as a boy in knee pants every summer of those early days. His mother was a graduate of the first Chautauqua school, and a scientific circle class, "The Pioneers" of '82. The minute description of the immense growth from little things given by Mr. Case and the glowing description of the present life there, emphasized by Miss Florence Green, who recently spent a summer or two there, aroused such enthusiasm that a lady who was present has since tendered all the necessary land for the use of a chautauqua assembly, near Atlanta.

In other words, a lady who is a member of the Chautauqua Society and the Chautauqua Woman's Council Table pledges herself that she will give ten acres of land or as much as is necessary, within ten miles of Atlanta, near a railway, for the use of a chautauqua camp ground, and we have no doubt the chautauquans of this city will follow up this generous offer, and just so soon the name of the new more definite shape the name of this generous chautauqua woman will be given to the public.

Mrs. M. L. Case delighted the Chautauqua Society with the love of the future, "Come to Me Heart," and Miss Florence Green sang in an unerring voice "Bobolink," from the same composer.

SERMON TOPICS AND PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

In the absence of the pastor, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, the pulpit of the First Baptist church, will be occupied this morning at 10 o'clock by Rev. Sam P. Jones. There will be no evening service. Dr. Hawthorne preaches this morning in Nashville, Tenn.

At the Jackson Hill Baptist church this evening Dr. Malcolm McGregor will continue his series of lectures on biblical conversions. The subject of tonight's discourse will be "The Conversion in the Dust." Dr. McGregor will also preach this morning at 10 o'clock.

Dr. R. V. Atkinson will preach at the Central Congregational church this morning at 10 o'clock on the "Immortality of Good Works." Subject of the evening discourse, "God's Chief Gift."

Professor H. H. Lincoln, of Boston, is in the city this week. He is well known as an educator and preacher, having been master of the Lyman school, one of the best in the country, for forty years. The professor is devoting his ripened years to travel and occasional preaching. He will be heard in a lecture at the Unitarian church Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. His subject is "From Ocean to Ocean."

Baptist.

First Baptist church, corner of Forsyth and Walton streets, Dr. H. H. Lincoln, pastor, will preach in Nashville, and his pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Sam Jones.

Second Baptist church, Rev. Henry McDonald, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Young men's prayer meeting every Monday night; regular church services every Wednesday night at 7:30 o'clock; Choral Society every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

The Capitol Avenue Baptist church, Dr. A. T. Spaulding, pastor. Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. W. W. Orr, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Central Baptist church, corner West Fair and Peters streets, Dr. W. G. Green, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. S. P. Moncrie, superintendent. Young People's Union meets at 3 o'clock p. m.; usual services through the week.

Jackson Hill Baptist church, corner Jackson and Forsyth streets, Rev. H. H. Lincoln, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. S. P. Moncrie, superintendent. Young People's Union meets at 3 o'clock p. m.; usual services through the week.

Fifth Baptist church, corner of Bell and Gilmer streets, Rev. C. N. Donaldson, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. F. L. Allen and W. H. McLean, superintendents. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Sixth Baptist church, corner Mangum and West Hunter streets, A. C. Ward, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. I. C. Wilson, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist.

First Methodist church, Peachtree and Houston streets, Rev. Isaac S. Hopkins, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m.; class meeting 3:30 p. m.

Trinity church, Rev. J. W. Roberts, D. D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. W. A. Candler, D. D.; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Hemphill, superintendent.

Park street, West End Baptist church, Rev. John B. Roberts, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.; prayer meeting at 7:45 p. m. on Wednesday. Seats free. All invited.

The Boulevard church, Boulevard, corner Houston street, Rev. T. R. Kendall, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. George Stuart, evangelist. Evening 7:30 by the pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Epworth League 6:45 p. m. Seats free.

Walker street Methodist Episcopal church, corner Walker and Nelson streets, Rev. J. H. Ennis, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m.; no services at night; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. A. C. Turner, superintendent.

Merritts avenue church, Merritts avenue, between Peachtree and Courtland, P. A. Heard, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. H. Frazer, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:45 p. m.

St. Paul Methodist Episcopal church, south, East Hunter street, H. Dimon, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. S. P. Marbut, superintendent. Ep-

The Glory of Man. Strength, Vitality, Manhood. Only \$1

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, or SELF PRESERVATION. A Great Medical Treatise on Lost Manhood; The Cause and Cure of Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Atrophy and Varicocele, also on the Untold Miseries arising from the Errors of Youth or the Excesses of Mature Years. 875 pages. Royal 8vo. The very finest engravings. 125 Invaluable Prescriptions, for all acute and chronic diseases. Bound in beautiful French Muslin, embossed, full gilt. Price only \$1 by mail. (New edition, 100,000 copies.)

Prospectus with endorsements of the press and high testimonials \$1. Send now and Know THYSELF. Consultation in person or by letter. Address: Wm. H. Parker, M. D., Author, Publisher and Chief Consulting Physician to the old, reliable and beneficent Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., established in 1860, to whom was awarded the Gold Medal by the National Medical Association for the Prize Essay, "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, or SELF-PRESERVATION."

Dr. Parker's works are the best, on the subjects treated, ever published, and have an enormous sale throughout this country and England. Read them now and learn to be strong, vigorous and healthy. Heal Thyself.—Medical Review.

The Peabody Medical Institute has imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

W. H. PARKER, M. D., No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. The Most Eminent Specialist in America, who Cures where Others Fail.

worth League at 3:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Pastor's residence No. 509 Woodward avenue.

Marietta street Methodist Episcopal church, between Spring and Barlow streets, Rev. D. W. G. Alexander, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. No service at night. All invited; seats free.

Episcopal.

The cathedral, corner Washington and Butler streets, Rev. A. W. Knight, dean. Holy communion at 7:30 a. m. and on the first and third Sundays at 11:45 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon at 11 a. m.; services daily at 7:30 and 9 a. m. and 4:30 and 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Seats free. Ushers in attendance.

Episcopal.

St. Luke's church, the Rev. J. N. McCormick, rector, holy communion 7:30 a. m. and on 1st Sunday at 11 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m. All services conducted by the rector.

Episcopal.

Chapel of the Holy Shepherd, Plum street, near Corbett, the Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Sunday school 3:30 p. m. evening prayer and sermon 7:30 p. m.; Lenten services Thursday, 11 a. m.

Episcopal.

Chapel of the Holy Redeemer, Walker and Fair streets, the Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Holy communion 11 a. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon 7:30 p. m.; Lenten services Tuesday 10 a. m. and Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.

Chapel of the Holy Trinity, Decatur, the Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Morning prayer, 11 a. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m. H. L. Peavy, superintendent; Lenten services Monday 11 a. m.

Christ church, Hapeville, the Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Morning prayer, 11 a. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m. H. L. Peavy, superintendent; Lenten services Monday 11 a. m.

Mission of the Holy Innocents, north Atlanta, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Sunday school 3:30 p. m.

Mission of the Holy Comforter, Washington Heights, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Sunday school 3:30 p. m.

East Point Mission, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest-in-charge. Afternoon services 3 p. m.; Lenten services Tuesday 4 p. m. and Thursday 10 a. m. and Friday 7:30 p. m.

Services at Grady hospital at 3 p. m. by Rev. Allard Barnwell.

Church of the Incarnation, Ashby, near Gordon. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. W. J. Page; Sunday school at 3 p. m. R. M. Goodman, superintendent. All are cordially invited to attend.

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian church, Marietta street, Rev. H. E. Barnett, D. D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. H. T. Inman, superintendent.

Central Presbyterian church, Washington street, Rev. G. B. Strickler, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. H. T. Inman, superintendent.

The Pryor street mission Sunday school of the Presbyterian church will meet at 3 p. m. at the corner of Vassar and Pryor streets. All are cordially invited to attend.

Edgewood mission of Central Presbyterian church will meet at 3 p. m. Inman Park. All are cordially invited.

Wallace Fifth Presbyterian church, corner Peachtree and Walnut streets, Rev. R. A. Bowman, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are welcome. W. D. Beattie, superintendent.

Kirkwood Presbyterian church, Kirkwood, Ga. Rev. Richard Orme Plinn, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. H. E. Barnett, superintendent.

Associated Reformed Presbyterian. Associated Reformed Presbyterian, corner Loyd and Garnett streets, Rev. H. B. Biekey, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.

Congregational.

Central Congregational church, West Ellis street, Rev. R. V. Atkinson, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. H. T. Inman, superintendent.

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Lutheran.

St. John's Lutheran church, garnett and Forsyth streets, F. H. Meuschke, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. H. T. Inman, superintendent.

Universalist.

The church of Our Father, Church street, Peachtree, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. regular services at 11 a. m. Pastor, Sub-H. H. Lincoln, in the evening at 8 o'clock. Professor Lincoln will give his free lecture, "From Ocean to Ocean." The public are cordially invited.

Christian Science.

First Unitarian church, Phillips & Crew streets, Rev. W. H. McGlaughlin, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. H. T. Inman, superintendent.

Colored.

The First Congregational church, corner Peachtree and Houston streets, Rev. H. E. Barnett, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. H. T. Inman, superintendent.

Old and New School Books.

Bought, sold or exchanged at John M. Miller's, 23 Marietta street.

Grand Opening Millinery Display, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23d, 24th and 25th. Miss Mary Ryan, 45 Whitehall street.

Friendship Baptist church, Mitchell and Hazen streets. Services—Bishop W. J.

TRACKS AT STAKE.

Petition of Citizens of Capitol Avenue

Heard Yesterday.

Continued Until Saturday

Judge Dorsey and Colonel Hammond

Argued the Situation Before

Judge Candler.

The hearing of the petition filed by the citizens of Capitol Avenue against the Atlanta Consolidated Street Railway Company, in which the city of Atlanta has filed an intervention, was taken up yesterday morning before Judge Candler, and was continued to this morning.

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Advertising, unless backed up by facts, is useless. Our advertisements are trade winners, because we always fulfill our promises to the letter. This week we will offer greater inducements than ever. Read carefully our special prices for the week. Come and examine the goods. The qualities and prices are right. Close buyers appreciate our UNDER-PRICE, UNDER-SELLING METHODS FOR THE SPOT CASH.

The Dress Goods Department is full of good things—all the latest novelties of the season. A few specialties in Black Goods:

20 pieces 34-inch Figured Brillantines, extra good value... 16 3/4c

36 pieces 36-inch all wool Serge—a bargain at 35c; one week... 25c

18 pieces 40-inch plain Brillantines, bought to sell at 40c... 28c

10 pieces 50-inch all wool Serge, extra fine twill, well worth 75c, at... 50c

11 pieces 40-inch all wool figured Mohairs, should be 90c, at... 79c

15 pieces 40-inch Figured Vale and Stripes Mohair Jacquard at... \$1.24

12 patterns check and stripe silk mixed Mozambique, worth \$15, at... \$9.95

10 patterns Persian Broches, silk and wool, novel and rich, latest colorings, worth \$18, at... \$11.50

25 patterns silk mixed French Poplins in small checks, worth \$12.50, at... \$8.95

100 odd Suits, elegant French designs. Best materials, are worth \$12.50 to \$18, at... \$6.50

25 pieces all wool imported Cheviot, in small checks and stripes, bought to sell at \$1.35, at... 98c

10 pieces Iridescent Italian Cloths, in newest combination of coloring for skirts... 74c

25 pieces silk stripe Mohairs, in blue, tans, grays and heliotrope, at... 65c

50 pieces all wool Persian figured Mohair, in light and medium shades, at... 48c

Linen Batiste, with silk colorings, in plaids and stripes, worth 60c, at... 48c

Linen Lappets, with raised figures, Persian designs, worth 50c, at... 29c

Fine imported Dimities, in small dainty figures and stripes, also in solid colors, pink, blue and nile, at... 20c and 24c

1 case Indian Dimities, in canary, nile, pink, blue and linen, small figures, at... 12 1/2c

Lace Reversing, in pink, nile, linen, black and white

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5c yard

A STORE FULL OF THEM!

Just arranged in our late Improved SHOE DEPARTMENT. We've been planning for Spring Shoe selling for some time. We've searched the leather markets for the best, and we are justly proud of our successful endeavors. The numberless styles for Men, Women and Children wear are a precedent of the moderate prices for good, reliable footwear. Nobody ever hoped or dreamed of such rare bargains in Shoe selling. You come here as you go to your pantry for something you want, knowing it to be within reach.

YOU ARE INVITED TO OUR SPRING OPENING OF SHOES TOMORROW AT



THE GLOBE



A FEW SPECIALS IN MEN'S FINE SHOES

Men's finest grade of Cordovan Shoes, hand-made, on 20th century last, \$6.00 value.... \$4.00

Rice & Hutchins' sample line of Men's \$5.00 Shoes, all the newest shapes, all sizes..... \$3.00

Men's first quality Porpoise Calf Shoes, narrow, medium and wide toes, "a perfect fitter," \$3.00 value..... \$1.98

Men's Genuine Satin Calf Shoes, any shape, any width, any size, Bal or Congress, \$2.00 value..... \$1.48

Men's honest made Buff Shoes, all lace, comfortable shapes, sizes 6 to 11, \$1.50 value..... \$1.00

Boys' Calf Lace Shoes, new Yale and pointed toes, sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2, \$2.50 value..... \$1.98

Boys' Satin Calf Shoes, a nobby fitter, a splendid wearer, \$2.00 value..... \$1.48

Boys' Satin Calf Shoes, opera toes, a few sample shoes, still a hummer, \$1.50 value..... \$1.25

A FEW SPECIALS IN MISSES' SHOES.

Misses' Black or Colored Strap Sandals, sizes 11 1/2 to 2, pretty bows and buckles, \$1.50 value..... \$1.25

Misses' Patent Leather Strap Slippers and Black Oxford Ties, square or opera toes, \$1.50 value..... 98c

Misses' Dongola Kid Oxfords and Oxfords, patent leather tips, \$1.25 value..... 75c

Misses' Kid Strap Sandals and Oxfords, sizes somewhat broken, "a sample lot," \$1.00 value..... 50c

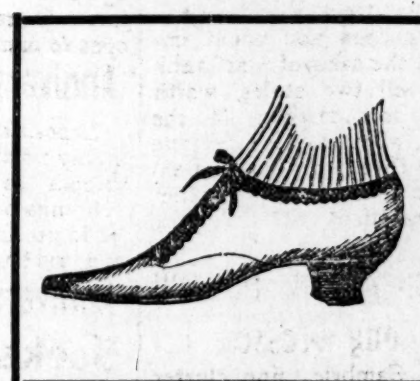


MEN'S CLOTHING.

New Suits, Black and Blue Cheviots in ten dollar makes at..... \$5.00

Just before writing this "ad." boss man says sell them winter weight \$12.00 Suits and Black Clay Worsteds at..... \$7.50

Come! Come! men of Atlanta, those ten dollar Suits are winter weights, but maybe you prefer this weight all the year round. If you do big values await you in Clays, Cheviots, etc., at... \$10.00



A FEW SPECIALS IN LADIES' FINE SHOES

Ladies' Hand turned Oxford Ties, Black or Tan, Cloth or Kid Top. Any shape toe, any width, \$3.50 value..... \$2.50

Ladies' Black or Colored Oxfords Button, Lace and Congress, popular styles, popular prices, \$3.00 value..... \$1.98

Ladies' Oxford Ties, in Black or Colors. Cloth or Kid Tops, extreme narrow to extreme wide toes, \$2.00 value... \$1.48

Ladies' Spring Heel Oxfords, Black or Tan, sizes 2 1/2 to 8, nobby cuts. The Globe's winner, \$2.00 value..... \$1.48

Ladies' turned Oxfords, Cloth or Kid Top, New Yale and Opera Toes. "A sample line." \$1.75 value..... \$1.25

Ladies' Patent Tip Oxfords, with or without corrugated vamps, Sizes 2 1/2 to 8. A good fitter..... 98c

Ladies' Patent Tip Sandals, narrow toes, vici kid stock. A great bargain, \$2.00 value..... \$1.25

Ladies' Patent Leather vamp or Dongola kid vamp Sandals, D E. and EE. last, \$1.50 value..... \$1.00

A FEW SPECIALS IN CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Child's Black or Colored Sandals and Oxfords, sizes 8 1/2 to 11, any style, neat fitters, \$1.50 value..... 98c

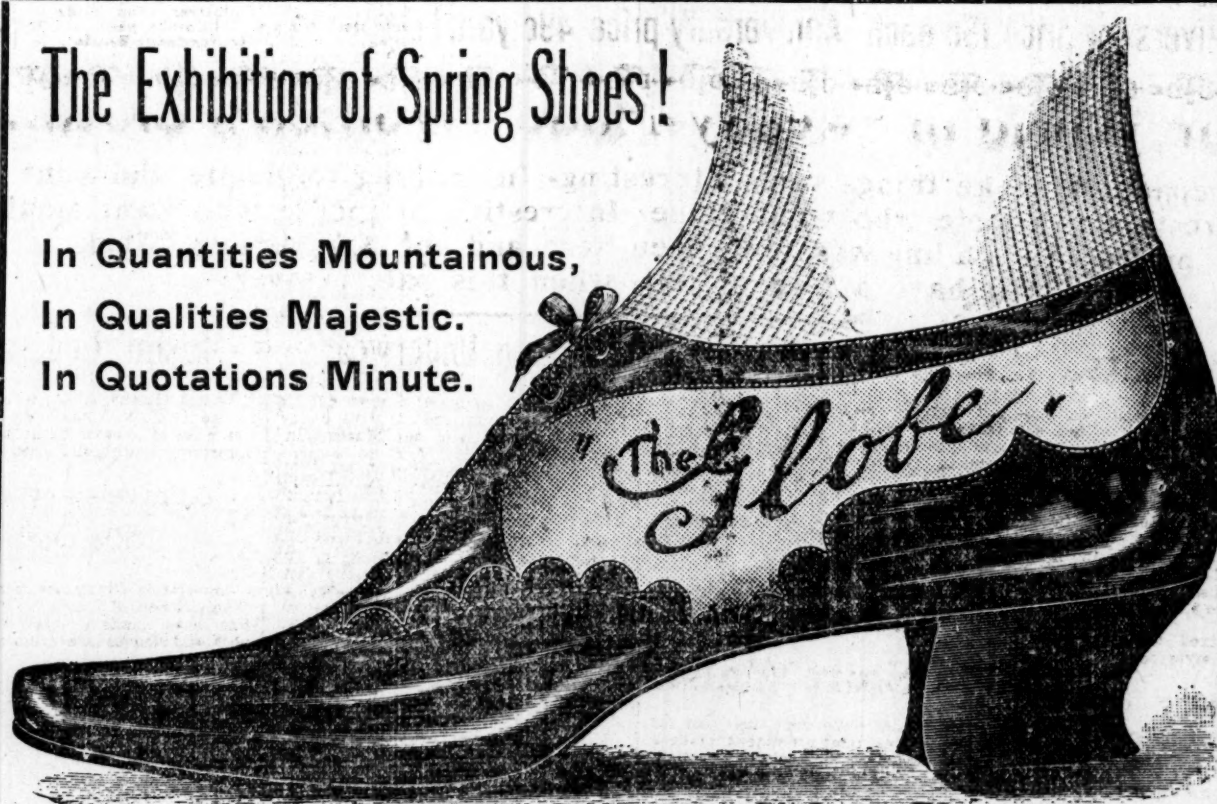
Child's Patent Leather Tip Kid Sandals, with bow and buckle, \$1.00 value..... 75c

Infants' Strap Sandals, in Tan or Black, sizes 2 to 5, well made and stylish fitters, value \$1.00..... 60c

Infants' Black Dongola Kid Sandals, all sizes, and a great bargain, 75c value..... 50c

The Exhibition of Spring Shoes!

In Quantities Mountainous,
In Qualities Majestic.
In Quotations Minute.



OUR \$1.48 LEADER.

BOYS' CLOTHING

We are showing over fifteen hundred new Spring Suits for Boys 3 to 15, and they are well made from fabrics woven for boys' wear.

\$1.48, the \$2.00 kind.
\$1.98, the \$2.50 kind.
\$2.50, the \$3.00 kind.
\$2.98, the \$3.50 kind.
\$3.50, the \$5.00 kind.

"Crack a Jack" Knee Pants, made with double seat and knee, patent waistband, riveted buttons, warranted not to rip, black, blues, brown and gray mixtures in dark and medium shades, worth 75c; our price..... 50c



MEN'S HATS

If you want a good wearing Derby or Alpine Hat in black, brown or any of the new Spring shapes, buy our \$2.00 Hat at..... 98c

Or a Derby or Alpine, just the proper Hat for good every day or Sunday wear; new Spring blocks, worth \$2.50, at..... \$1.50

Choice and exclusive styles, black, brown or gray Derby or Alpine, or cloth Derby or Alpine. They have a right to be \$3.00, but they are only..... \$2.00



Mail Orders One Cent invested in a Postal Card, and addressed to us, will bring you any information desired in either of our departments. Spring samples now ready.

The Globe
SHOE & CLOTHING CO

39. Whitehall.

74-76 S. Broad.

Atlanta, Ga.



MEN'S HATS

Derby and Alpines, just as shape-ly as can be; all the newest colors. The maker says they are the best he ever turned out for the money. We might sell 'em for \$4.00, but we only ask..... \$2.50

Imperial Howard Hats, the commanding Hats of the world in quality and style. We are Southern agents for this famous Hat. Business men of brains wear Howard Hats. You'd better just look at 'em; then you'll see why; worth \$5.00, at..... \$3.00

The new cloth Derby and Alpine Hats are gaining great favor. They are for early Spring, and are light in weight, nobby and durable. We sell 'em at..... \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.



Mail Orders All orders received by mail are shipped the day received. Samples of Men's, Boys', Youths' Suits or Pants sent to any address.

THE Wedding at L

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

The settlers who constituted what was locally called the "Lumley Pass folks" were few, hard-working and unimaginative. They were much given to staying at home and minding their own business, in the sense that they conveyed total lack of interest in anybody else.

Long reaches of rough mountain roads; frequent torrents, which rushed rudely wherever resistance was most readily overcome, combined with somber stretches of dense forest to discourage sociability.

Nevertheless, when it became known, in a general way, that the old tip-tilted lorbouse—a house hoary with age—about which the halo of romance had never clung, was to be the seat of a wedding, interest in it became vivid and visitors multiplied miraculously.

The house stood at the head of the pass, and gave it its name. It was Peter Lumley's daughter who was to be married.

Word: a piece of information percolated through Peter himself one evening when he was combed and oiled and dressed in a pinch long enough to forget his usual taciturnity and wax confidential with other late stayers.

"Oh, yes," that occasion Mr. Peter Lumley remarked, in a general way, that—

"Women folks was a cussed lot of trouble when they got marryin' in their heads, an' he was combed-bled thankful that he didn't have but one gal to turn the world upside down just because a fellow had asked her to change her name."

This familiar allusion to his only daughter, coupled with the fact that, earlier in the evening, Mr. Lumley had openly invited the "yabbers of yabber" "cross-hair" muslin and a scalloped" handkerchief, fastened the impending change of name on Sam Lumley.

The cross-hair muslin and embroidered handkerchief were actually transferred from Hogan's counter to the gunny sack which already held Peter's supply of "yabbers of yabber."

Lumley Pass.

For poor lines, the general public had laid no particular stress upon Peter's outburst. It was taken with ease as being based on an object of even passing local interest. No one had ever associated her name with a possible lover. She was accounted rather a practical person, and her position in the village is a moral quality in high repute with young mountaineers.

Being motherless and sisterless, Sue had been brought up by her few female accomplishments than fell to the lot of other Lumley Pass girls.

A wedding presupposes a man. It was a long time before local gossip lacked in the right man for "Sue Lumley's beau." When it did, curiosity was merged into amazement bordering on indignation.

Was Brad Martin bent on throwing himself clean away? Had Brai Martin turned sulam idiot," were questions which everybody was asking but nobody answered.

Bradley Martin was what might be called a newcomer, having lived in the neighborhood of Lumley's Pass only four or five years. None of his forefathers had ever tilted with him. He was called his own.

He was a handsome fellow, with broad shoulders and strong, swift legs, which he carried like a steed more than a path. He was the surefootedness of the goat.

There wasn't a girl within twelve miles of Peter Lumley's old gray house that would not have lent a willing ear to Bradley Martin if he had come a-courting. But Sue Lumley, of all the pass girls!

Martin and Sue alone knew the very beginning of the love affair whereof the termination was agitating the scattered settlers of Lumley's Pass.

They had first seen each other when the boy lay in the shadows of evening, while she came early and lingered long in the mountain valley clearing.

Sue was sitting alone on the rough pine stump, leaning back against the front-door step. Her dress was full of corn and corn cobs. A pile of unshelled corn was stacked on the slab beside her. She was waiting for the grain to be shelled.

The article she rubbed the grains

When all the corn should be shelled, she would lift it by her voice shrilly, and classless feathered pensioners would make glad music. Robert never forgetting to be healthy, Guinea fowls grow suddenly gregarious, pigeons swooping from aloft to share the liberal largess, would all come, fluttering and chattering, to be attracted and latched with genuine human greed, striving to eat rather of its fellows.

"Come, come, come!" to come, it was such a joyful "come" to come, it was such an up-lifted, joyful monotony of her day, and introduced cheerful clamor into pronounced silence.

She was less very much alone during the day. Her father and her four uncouth brothers were always off as soon as the breakfast of black coffee and greasy bacon he got up at dawn to prepare was disposed of.

What their business was, beyond the making and garnering of the meager crops which seemed never to result in any betterment of her own condition, she did not know. Nor did she much care. She was not of a speculative turn. She went the full round of her sordid duties unquestioningly, and with a certain naive philosophy of the case, with unconscious philosophy, into a single aphorism:

"Frettin' don't do no good, so whar's the frettin'?"

Under softer conditions she might have developed into an uncommonly pretty girl. The first time Bradley Martin saw her her face was like a face of a queen, angelic to him. Their introduction was a strange one.

She lifted her head to consult the shadows of the hallway, and to find a man in precise stage of obscurity before she called the wanderer home for the night.

From the stile that crossed the ride yard she looked down at her feet, and stepped precipitately downward. This rendered approach to the house possible without any farming view beforehand. Standing on the side of the road, she saw a stout white man with the other he dashed great beads of sweat from his forehead. She saw a man!

She leveled her clear, brown eyes on him! He was the same stout white man, and strangers were not common at Lumley's place. She stood up, with the corners of her cheek apron gathered together mechanically, and she saw a stout white man, and she gained in dignity by change of

nature. She was tall, and just now she
 was standing in a defensive attitude.
 "Who be you? And what be you doin'
 'a-huntin' stock still on our stile?" she asked,
 a slow, gentle drawl that gave no indi-
 cation of her sturdy state.
 Her voice was as sweet as a wood-pigeon's
 note. Her eyes were clear, steadfast, fear-
 less. In spite of the shortness of her coarse
 brown gown, there was a certain air of
 manner about this mountain girl which
 imposed upon the stranger. But it was a
 case to be trusted, and the man on the
 stile was not a fool. He was a trifle
 He was by her side in a few swift strides,
 he could see his broad chest heave with
 his breath that came in pants.
 "You are you?" he asked.
 She trembled at the eager excitement of
 his voice and manner, but her fright did
 not appear in her drawled answer:
 "Waal, sartin, I am." "What be you doin'?"
 "Hide me, and keep my secret."
 "For what shall I hide you? Who be
 ye, and what you been up to? Moon-
 shan?"
 He cast about him excitedly with eyes
 at looked like a hunted animal's.
 "If you don't want to have murder on
 your soul, hide me. I'm into trouble down
 this neck of the land. I'm wiled. Circum-
 stances tell me. A man was killed. I'm
 looking for me. I've been running and
 hidin' ever since. I've got to get sent. If
 you can't get me I'll swing. For heaven's
 sake, I'll hide me quick."
 "Quick" was a word seldom heard in
 that locality. It was a seldom accent,
 and she turned the corners of her apron and
 the shell'd corn stream into a wooden
 at her feet. She never once took her
 eyes from the travel-still and the man
 and the regard face of the man before her. She
 fretfully dusted the loose bran from her
 corn-roughened hands before speaking
 to him.
 "And be you blood-gilty?"
 "I am not."
 "You 'on't look like Lumley Pass folks.
 I'm a little better than him, I reckon.
 Now can I tell whether you be 'kin' to me
 or not?"
 "I never before he even a certain air
 of manner about him. But he was back
 for he had time to conjecture. She
 did a tattered, backless book in her
 hand.
 "What be your marm's Bible. Can you
 read on that?"

the stranger laid his right hand solemnly
on the sleeping boy's head and said:
"By your mother's Bible,"
"Come long, then. Pop and the boys will
come soon."

He took the book in her apron. She
smiled swiftly and led the way to an old
barn, many degrees more dilapidated than
the dwelling house—which is condemning it
to the burning. No, it wouldn't. She
reference to wrestling with the huge, un-
manageable doors, she pointed upward
to loft roggishly filled with hay. The man
said:
"Climb up and burrow under the hay-
bale—I hear a mighty trampin' of hoofs!
I don't you be scared; I'll manage 'em."

He took the figure but a second to
climb onto the ramshackle feed trough and
lean into it from the hay loft. She, standing
on the ground, saw the hay scatter and
her him liberally. She was singing sing-
ing, somewhat discordantly, entirely by
home-made methods, while she was
singing.

The trampin' of feet had succeeded to
a lot of hoofs. Filling her arms with hay,
she sang at the top of her voice, Sue
and the boys, and the boys, and the boys,
other, brothers and half a dozen other
hunters. She knelt against the
door and stared at them.

"What's up of wonder, folks, what's
what's up?" he bawled in
the top of the hay with which her
arms were filled lay her blue apron folded
over her head. "What's up, confound
the world, what's up?"

Without the probable fate of a girl who
would tell a lie with the Bible right under
her nose. Her father was spokesman for
the searching party.

"Well, Wilbur, bea done for down in
his Dell by a town chap. We's lookin'
him. See anybody pass this way,
he's laughered scornfully:
"Nakedly, ain't it, so many folks pass this
way?"

His father laid his hand on the clumsy
yoke to the sagging barn door. So
he caught her back against it resolu-
tely.

"There, there, pop. I've just found that
a yeller turkey hen we thought the
hunks had got, she's settin' up in the hay
loft, and I wouldn't have her pestered for
the world. No, I wouldn't. She's
look so peaceful and provident. Bud

"Don't take the gentlemen to the spring-house," he said, "or hurt 'em, 'specially 's this mornin'." "Gentlemen," you see, you do not look like you've been swallerin' no peck, er dust all t'once." "I've been lookin' at the wind off the lanch and t'ward the men.

"We're foinin' away val'able time, gents, 's you step down to the milk house and get yo' whistles before we start."

"Won't the gentlemen stay and take a look at the spring-house?"

Sue's hospitality waxed urgent as she perceived that her father was pushing forward. "Twont't take me no're'n an hour, poe, to get 'em somethin' to eat."

"They'll have something hot and we'll see the feller that done for Jeb Wilson; will he."

"The women revived the flagging energy of the men, and they were the first followers, and after a hurried excursion to the spring house, Sue had the satisfaction of seeing them moun' their hats and disappear down the steep, stony path by which they had come.

"When the last hoof beat dead, clattered and upon the rocky ground, she fed her horse, and leading him down with prodigious effort, she turned and looked in an opposite direction from that taken by the horsemen. He turned and waved his hat, 's he, her before the black woods.

"Of course, I won't never see him again," she said, stolidly, "and I don't know as I'll ever see him no more."

"But, I t'ld for him, right on top of the hill, 's he was comin' out."

"I t'ld it hard for me to forget him out and in."

"At that point of fact, she found it impossible to keep him 'out and out." She called to him a mean-spirited creature for clinging so tenaciously to his memory, but it did not meet the matter at all.

"To Wilson, then," she discovered, "I've been summarily dealt with. Jeb Wilson, himself was well nigh forgotten when Sue, on the slab shelling corn, as she had been doing, and the long, soft shadows of the morning, the lengthening shadows of a familiar landscape, as she had done that evening, and saw a man standing in the stile that spanned the rude yard where she sat quite still, but a slow, sweet smile came to her lips and a glad light into her eyes.

"What's to be come back. What for?"

was by her side in a few swift moments. She held his hands to her smiling face as if under her uplifted face, him building a house over 't'other side he Dell."

"You be?"

"And I'm goin' to live there."

"Yes?" The color came and went in girl's sunburnt cheeks in a hot, torturing goin' to take my wife to live in my when it is finished."

"It was almost a whisper. She fell listening corn as if the world held no possible occupation for her trembling hands.

"He revealed himself boldly on the slab by the door. He laughed and filled his hands corn she had shelled.

"You can't want to learn something that the girl I'm building that house you be anxious to talk about her." "I am."

"He flung the corn from him, and the girl came in a white-winged thrush to stir the waste.

"The pluckiest girl I ever saw, the worth ten dozen of me. She's got the best, clearest, brown eyes in the world, and she'll once upon a time be saved by being hurried out of the world by a lot of idiots who insisted upon calling me murderer."

"The truth dawned upon Sue's face. She leaned toward him with hands and on her knees.

"I believe for you in mammy's Bible. How are we going to get around that?"

"We're not going to try to get around We're going to forget it. No one know we ever met before."

Sue placed her hand on his, with a smile of absolute trust and content, while the furnishing of his house and tending of his farm, Martin spent much of the day. The Lord had sent him there to learn wisdom in farming of Frank thought he came to learn to make a rotten corn. He saw the wisdom of the mountain household had his solution of the mystery.

One alone knew why he came. Martin knew how to grow corn, and he was of the mountain girl. No one else knew how handsome Bradley Martin was to "throw himself away" on Peter Decca, Sue.

[illegible]

Two sizes—50 cents and \$1.00.
All druggists sell Scott's Emulsion.

There is a disease of the stomach known by physicians as **catarrh**. Dr. Hartman has shown this disease to be simply catarrh of the stomach, and that all the symptoms of dyspepsia and indigestion, which are thousands of such cases, which are supposed to be incurable, because he has discovered the cause, and has a reliable chronic catarrh. A friend recently wrote from Mrs. Lulu Giddle, Storm Lake, Iowa, to the effect that:

"I was taken with catarrh of the stomach ten years ago. I was treated by three of the best doctors in the city, but failed under their treatment. I was so low I could not retain my food on my stomach at all. I was advised by a friend to try Per-ri-nol. I bought a bottle and used it for more than I have for a year. I can do my work without that tired feeling. I cannot eat anything exciting, or for saving my life, I would be glad to have it. I am satisfied if it would help any one who is afflicted as I was. I will try and answer your questions as far as I can. I am glad that what Per-ri-nol did for me, I would be glad to recommend it to any one who has the same trouble."

This 64-page book, devoted exclusively to catarrh and catarrhal diseases and written by Dr. Hartman, will be sent free on application to the publisher, The Per-ri-nol Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

"I think, take the gentlemen to the spring-house, and let 'em hit 'er buttermilk. 'Tis a fine curdled milk, 'specially this mornin', gentlemen. You see you do look like you've been swallin' your peck 'er dust all 'tween't." "You took him by the hand off the latch and followed the man."

"We're foin' away valerie time, gents. You step down to the milk house and get yo' whistles before we start 'em."

"Won't the gentlemen stay and take a drink?" Sus's hospitality waxed urgent as she looked at the fatherly faces.

"'Twon't take me no're'n an hour, poob, to get 'em somethin' to eat."

"They'll have something hot when they feel the feller that done for Jeb Wilson; will he."

"The gentlemen revived the flagging energy of the forenoon, and after a hurried excursion to the spring house, Sus had the satisfaction of seeing them mount their horses and disappear down the steep, stony path when the last hoof beat dead, ceased to beat upon the rocky ground, she fed her horse, and loading him down with provisions, rode off in the direction of the opposite direction from that taken the horsemen. He turned and waved that he, 'er, never before the black woods."

"Of course, I won't," he said his man again," said, stolidly, "and I don't know on top of that, but I led for him, right on top of that, and he paid for me to forget him out and not to come back."

"At the point of fact, she found it impossible to get him "out and out." She called off a mean-spirited creature for clinging so tenaciously to his memory, but it did not meet the matter at all."

"The forenoon she discovered a remarkably dealt with, Jeb Wilson himself was well again forgotten when Sue, being on the slab shelling corn, as she was doing that, she saw the lengthening shadows of the familiar landscape, as she had done that evening, and saw a man standing behind the stile that spanned the rude yard where she sat quite still, but a slow, "sweet" smile came to her lips and a glad light into her eyes. "He be come back! What for?"

He was by her side in a few seconds, and he held out his hands to her and smiled down into her uplifted face.

"I'm building a house over t'other of the Dell."

"O' yes, be?"

"And I'm goin' to live there."

"Yes?" The color came and went in the girl's sunburnt cheeks in a horrible moment.

"I'm goin' to take my wife to live in a house when it is finished."

"Yes?" It was almost a whisper. She was shelling corn as if the world had no other possible occupation for her trembling little hands.

He created himself bodily on the slab behind her, and he filled his hair with corn she had shelled.

"Don't you want to learn somethin' about the girl I'm building that house for?"

"If I am to be anxious to talk about her?"

"I am."

He flung the corn from him, and piteously came in white-winged throng to repair the waste.

"She's the pluckiest girl I ever seen. She's worth ten dozen of me. She's got the dearest, calm, brown eyes that I ever saw. And once upon a time she was nearly from being hurried out of the world by a lot of idiots who insisted upon calling a murderer."

"The truth dawned upon Sue's mind. She leaned toward him with her folded on her knees.

"I lie for on mammy's Bible. I are goin' to get around that?"

"We are going to try to get around it. No one can know we ever met before."

And she placed her hand on his arm, a smile of absolute trust and content.

Reminding the furnishing of his house, the fencing of his farm, Martin spent some time in telling her of his plans, and she came to learn wisdom in farming him. Frank thought he came to learn how to make a coil case, and she learned the meaning of Lantry's household had alone solution of the mystery.

Sue alone knew why the corn, Martin alone knew how the corn was sown, and alone growed her with the superb courage of the mountain girl. No one else will ever know how handsome Bradley May was, or how "throw himself away" on the world's.

ALL THE WORLD'S A-WHEEL.

ROTARY RHYMES

By MAUDE ANDREWS.

Penelope Up to Date.

In ancient days Penelope,
With a wife's devotion,
Spun 'mid her maids quite faithfully,
While her spouse sailed the ocean.
Nor did her loyal nature dream
Her lord would at the mercy
Of those strange sparks supposed to gleam
Within the orbs of Circe.

But now Penelope, grown wise,
Stays not at home for spinning,
But spins abroad, soon to surprise
Ulysses in his sinning.
And when she finds him on the beach
She'll show him, without mercy,
How the new woman can overreach
The arts of man and Circe.

Spinning Past and Present.

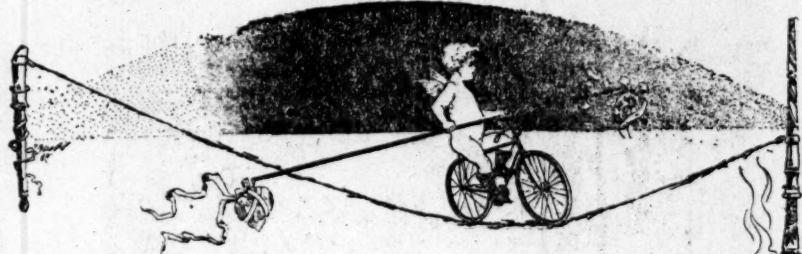
Priscilla spun in olden days,
And won a husband by it;
Now, modern May has caught the craze,
And thinks she'd like to try it.
She gets a wheel—another kind—
And one that spins much faster,
And now a lover she must find—
A lover she can master.

Greek God and Modern Goddess.

Fair Mercury, that god of old,
Was said to steal mankind's good gold,
He was a winsome cheat.
Like to him is my darling girl,
Her wings are cycle wheels;
She sets my silly head a-whirl
And then my heart she steals.

Fin de Siecle Madness.

I cannot sleep, I cannot eat,
I'm dizzy all the time;
I walk the world with listless feet,
I moan and spon and rhyme.
What makes me thus? Dan Cupid trows
To my downfall led;
Now he'll not help me, though he knows
His wheels are in my head.



THE WHEEL OF LOVE.

The wheel of love for some may move
In slow and settled fashion,
But mine moves quick and turns me sick
With pale and hopeless passion.

A whirl, a whirl, a dauntless girl
Goes by me like a quiver
Of sunshine fleet in summer heat
That falls about a river.

From natty dress and waving tress,
I catch the scene of roses;
A jeweled pin, her hair within,
The vision fair discloses.

She turns the lane, with might and main
I follow, but the turning
Brings me to grief, for know, in brief,
I—I alas! am learning.

With jealous pain, I watch them gain—
The other men who love her—
Upon my pace in Cupid's race—
Oh! can I ever move her?

I'll write a scroll and tell her all
My pent-up passion's yearning,
And how my love can quicker move
Than any wheel that's turning.

one that will appeal more to the utility
notions of a man than to the beauty-loving
eyes of a woman. It has a draw-string
sewed in the lining, back and front, and
this being drawn taut as the rider mounts
her wheel, converts the skirt into the kind
of bloomers more suggestive of the pantal-
loons of poor Pierrot than anything else.
The skirt most approved by Atlanta wom-
en is one with a flap down the front,
which being unfastened on the wheel,
makes a modest divided skirt, and upon
dis-mounting and fastening, is converted
into a conventional walking rig.

The best bicycle shoes for women are
those that lace up to the calf of the leg.
They are to be found in white, black and
tan, and a white pair has been ordered by
an Atlanta girl for a white bicycle suit
being made by her Gotham tailor. The
skirt is of a light-weight white broad-
cloth, and is lined with silk and bound
about the bottom with white leather.

The short coat fastens across the front
with white leather straps and is to be
worn with white silk and muslin shirt
waists. The hat to match is a soft silk
tun-o-shanter, bound with white leather
and trimmed at the side with the wing of
a white seagull.

Among the Atlanta women who ride well
and are frequently seen on their wheels
on Peachtree are:
Miss Julia Wilkins, Miss Mary Goldsmith,
Miss Kathleen Jones, Miss Lilly Gold-
smith, Miss Rebbe Lowe, Miss Emily Eng-
lish, Miss Jennie English, Miss Lucy Peel,
Mrs. Frank Moore, Mrs. Ben Wylie, Mrs.
Ed Peters, Mrs. Henry Tompkins, Mrs.
Bailey Thomas, Miss Caroline Lewis Gor-
don, Mrs. Burton Smith, Miss Adelia Mur-
phy, Miss Kingsbury, Miss Joan Clarke,
Mrs. Albert Howell, Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs.
Dr. Wales and Mrs. Colonel Russell.

Miss Julia Wilkins was one of the first
Atlanta girls to take up the wheel and she
soon became an expert rider. She and Miss
Mamie Goldsmith have ridden as much as
fifteen miles in an afternoon, a distance
which an English woman, who sold her
idea for \$20.00. The skirt seems, however,

Miss Caroline Gordon has been riding
quite a while and she has the advantage
in her out-of-town home of being able to
enjoy smooth country roads unobscured
by electric cars and truck wagons. The
electric cars and the truck wagons and
other moving objects are to my notion
about the only objections to bicycle rid-
ing, and it would be a fine thing if Atlanta
wheelmen and women could get for
themselves an asphalt avenue going from
the extreme north to the extreme south
of the city.

An American Romance.

The romantic love story of that clever
Boston Journalist, Max Elliot, has already
been printed, but, perhaps, seem more
nearly interesting as told by the lips of a
woman who knew her personally.

"Yes," said Isadore Rush, after the the-
ater Monday evening a little party sat
chatting together, "she married her own
husband twice. Vida Croly, Jennie June's
daughter, was in London when the second
marriage happened. She received a terse
note from Max Elliot. 'Come to church,'
she said, 'tomorrow evening and see me
marry my husband.' Vida went and there
in the solemn cathedral she found a hand-
ful of Americans gathered together to see
Max Elliot married to her husband, from
whom she had been divorced fifteen years."

"And how did it happen?" I asked, deep-
ly interested, "it's easy enough to get rid
of a man, but to get the same one back
again—that's the work of genius mated
to witchery." She laughed.

"Oh, well, they quarreled. He was an
Englishman. He didn't like America very
much. Her people had been American pol-
iticians for generations. They had a tiff
over this, and he threatened to leave the
country. She said, 'I'll follow you to the
end of the world.'"

"Max Elliot began writing and her husband
went back to England. He has a big pub-
lishing house in London. Well, in a few
years he married an English wife, and
they had several children, and lived very
happily together."

"Then she died."

"Max Elliot, meanwhile, had made a great
reputation as a newspaper man. She
lived her life alone, but she made plenty
of money and had lovely surroundings in
Boston. She made friends, lots of them,
because, although she was clever and
could make her pen a stiletto when she
needed to, she was never unkind without
provocation, and she was always just
and broadminded to enemies as well as friends.
Well, she went over to London. Her
former husband and herself had not met
in fifteen years. She was walking down
Regent street one bright June day and
she espied a familiar figure—a form that
had taken on the rotundity of forty years.
The eyes of the man regarded her in
strange, startled fashion. She, too, had
grown older and heavier."

"They met face to face."

"Why, is that you, Max?" said the voice
of her husband.

"Yes, John," she answered.

"He joined her."

"Oh, summing in London," she an-
swered.

"And then their talk fell upon the years
that had touched both of them, and now
and then came a trembling memory holding
both hearts together through a mist of
tears."

"He saw her to her lodgings, and after
that day came excursions and jaunts all
over the country that was so dear and old
to him and so new and charming to her."

"The friendship, the sweet, intellectual
congeniality sprung up between them once
more and the end of it was that the min-
ister joined them together a second time.
That happened some eight years ago, and
nothing has put them asunder. They both
had learned the lesson of patience and
love."

"A pretty story," I said, but I think
the thought of the other wife in the interim
would have choked me."

"The story tells, being also a woman,
nodded her head and agreed with me, but
the men seemed to think it was all right
—and perhaps it was."

On American Husbands.

This suggestion upon the point of view
of the mind feminine in regard to the de-
portment of husbands brings me to a clever
article from Elizabeth Bisland in The
North American Review, in which she
throws a new and flattering light on the
American husband in particular and the
husbands of other nations in general.

"There is," she says, "a theory that the
patient, unobtrusive financial agent who is
supposed to typify the genus husband in
America—who, like charity, suffereth long
and is kind, thinketh no evil, and giveth
all his goods—is woman's ideal of a mate,
but this is a slander. The dull submission
of the overladen ass is not the quality
which ordinarily excites feminine respect."

"That brilliant, greedy figure, hung with
jewels, who stands aloft in the social car,
laying the good upon the bowed shoulders
of the humble, overworked married slave
who draws her chariot, is purely a figment,
evolved out of the notebooks of shallow
foreigners rushing express through the
country to make a volume of travels."

"In reality the American husband is the
most exacting of his kind. He demands
gayety, physical and mental charm, a high
cultivation of all her powers, and an in-
finity of carefully performed duties from
his wife."

"If the American woman is brilliant and
ornamental it is because the American hus-
band will put up with nothing less. In
older civilization woman finds in married
life all the conditions prepared for her;

rules made which she has only to obey;
a careful code of precedents which she has
only to follow.

"If a woman may be within a period
of seven days transported from a country
boarding school to the most conspicuous
position in the land, and without previous
training be called upon to receive ambas-
sadors and preside at state dinners."

"The husband who elevates his wife from
the washbasin in a mining camp to the palace
of a millionaire expects her to create out
of the chaos of her previous experiences
an ordered social world between the morn-
ing and the evening of her first day of
wealth—and she does it and likes it, and
loudly proclaims that this exacting creature
is the most delightful example of husband
known."

"Curiously enough, the real person is as
unlike as possible to the generally accepted
picture of the typical American husband,
with his narrow, sordid, bank-clerk soul,
his neglected mind, and his cynical estimate
of woman as a fantastic child with an in-
sane lust for luxury."

"Perhaps the typical husbands of other
nations have been as much belied, and the
Frenchman is not the sensualist who
thrills the woman's pretty babies from
her arms into alien hands in order that
her attentions may not for a moment be
distracted from himself nor her labors di-
verted from his business."

"Perhaps the German woman is not really
an unpaid, contemptuously treated upper
servant, nor the Englishwoman the victim
of a selfish, domineering master."

"At all events, but few women find all
the unpleasant characteristics of the type
combined in their individual specimens of
the national husband."

At the Cross—An Etching.

"You will go with me tomorrow?"
"Yes, to the end of the world!"

She regarded him with dark eyes full of
sombre fire.

"Why should I not go with you?" she
asked, in tones full of plaintive misery.

"Have I not loved you all my life long?
Why should I continue to live with a brute
simply because a mortal man has spoken
mortal words about our joined hands?"

He clasped her to his breast and covered
her face with burning kisses.

"My love, my life, my own!" he mur-
mured, with tremulous incoherence, and
then kneeling down at her feet, he buried
his rapturous face in the folds of her redol-
ent garments.

Her robes, the room, the luxurious chair
that contained the marvelous beauty of
her form were all of a daffodil hue and it
seemed to him that he was floating heaven-
ward in the golden glory of dawn.

It was she who broke the mellow sil-
ence.

"I shall take the child," she said, in a



NOT ANY OF THIS.

The Bloomer Girl May Have Come to Stay, But She Has No Fol-
lowers Among Atlanta Wheelwomen.

tone denoting former discussion.

"It is his child, too," he answered bit-
terly.

"Yes, but he is not her mother."

"But will it be well for her to—" he
checked himself.

She covered her face with her hands and
sobbed aloud.

"Even at this hour," she moaned, "you
can think how it will be for her in the
future."

He tried to comfort her with assurances
and caresses, but she tore herself from his
arms, and, rising to her full, proud height,
she stepped to the door of her boudoir and
parting the soft draperies, entered therein.

An ornate clock ticked softly in the
semi-darkness and the room had a frag-
rance as palpable as a gentle shower on
violets.

She approached the little bed that con-
tained this flower life. She drew aside the
muslin curtains and looked upon her child
who lay with upturned face and white arms
outstretched.

She stood, white, transfixed, with eyes
sad and steadfast as Fate's.

He had followed her and when her gaze
rested upon him he grew cold and still as
one in the presence of death.

She broke the stillness in a voice as clear
and solemn as vespers bells.

"See!" she said, pointing to the sleeping
child; "her form has made the shape of
the cross in her sleep, but it shall be my
crucifixion, not hers. I will not go with
you tomorrow."

He kissed her cold hands and departed
like one stricken dumb.

She knelt down by the window and looked
out at the stars.

To her eyes, the heavens were filled with
a great radiance, and in its midst she saw
Christ on Calvary, not clothed and adorned
and spent with anguish, but radiant, sublime,
as he cried in a voice of holy triumph,
"Suffer little children to come unto me."

MAUDE ANDREWS.

Why It Was Disbanded.

From The Chicago Post.

"I understand the Woman's Literary
and Art Club has been disbanded," he said.

"That's true," she replied.

"Broke up in a row, I suppose?"

"Well, there was some ill-feeling," she
admitted.

"And I venture to say it was all about
these mere trifles, too; some absurd little de-
tails."

"On the contrary, it was a very serious
matter."

"Indeed? Tell me all about it."

"Why, we couldn't decide whether to get
a large clubhouse or abolish big sleeves at
all club meetings."

Georgy Cheek.

I've heard today a curious thing,
An' I don't know what for say—
It beats anything that I have heard
In any an' many a day.

They say some bloomin' idiot's
Been knockin' round in the cold
Away up north, and some'er there
Run agin the old north pole.

Believe it? Dunno—but I believe
In things being square an' fair;
An' if they're really found it,
We're goin' ter have our share.

You wait, an' some old Georgy tack
(An' if he don't, he'll most)
I'll git a piece—an' bring it back
Ter use as a hitchin' post.

NELLIE WOMACK.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE IN ATLANTA SOCIETY.

For a time all the Atlanta men who
rule the ways of their women folks shook
their heads sentimentally and said to the
slaves Susan B. Anthony lectures about:
"No, not a bit of it; no bicycle riding."

"Well, but," protested the eager ones
feebly.

"But me no buts," roared the monarch.
"I won't have you riding around these
streets. I won't have it, that's all. Why,
first thing I know you will all be wanting
to wear bloomers and the next freak that
comes to you will probably be studying
law or medicine or wanting to run for
governor. I won't have it. Look at the
women a'round this town who ride bicycles.
Do you think they are pretty? Look at
their faces. Tough faces I say. I won't
have my wife and daughter doing the same
things that women with tough, ugly faces
do."

And then the speaker would stalk up and
down the hall with his hands in his pockets
and a look on his countenance that
said that he feared just such a war as was
had long ago when the sinful love of one
Helen upset the town of Troy.

The women folks gathered about the
fireside and giggled surreptitiously. The
boldest among them even went so far as to
whisper to women with tough faces
went shopping on Whitehall, that they
even rode in chaises on Peachtree and that
sometimes they actually bought bonnets
exactly like those worn by sedate ladies
with immaculate reputations. They never
said this out loud, mind you. The mutiny
permeated the atmosphere, as it were,
for women have that kind of silent force
when they want to make their opinions
felt.

Now and then just a word dropped here
and there—no word of longing or discontent
—but like this:

"I say, papa, I saw Prudence Brown on
a wheel today. She looked so well. You
know a nice girl always does look nice
and refined. Her bicycle costume is so mod-
est."

And the older women would put in:
"And do you know I saw Mrs. Cordon
Straitliffe riding? She's older than I am,
and such a particular sort of woman. I
was really surprised."

"Then the masculine huff-puffed a bit.
"Perhaps," he said, "Mrs. Strait-
liffe wasn't fat or Prudence Brown wasn't
good enough looking for her respectability
to make an impression." But the remarks
seeped through his senses better than a
thousand shrewish revivals, and so, after
awhile, on a gentle day when he had made
a neat little sum out a speculation, he
looked in a rather sheepish, confessional-
way and said:

"Well, I see so many women riding now,
and I suppose you all would like to try it."

And the family blessed him, bought short
frocks and went down and bruised them-
selves up at the cycle school until they
learned to pursue the even tenor of their
way on the asphalt.

And thus it came to pass that feminine
Atlanta, conservative and unconservative,
sedate and studious, tough and tender,
rides a bicycle on mild spring mornings
and afternoons. The dreaded bloomer has
not up to this time and will not. It is
safe to say, be a part of the Atlanta girl's
bicycle costume.

So desirous is the mind of woman to
look as she should and be as comfortable
as she can, that in all athletic sports she
is sure to come out in a costume both
fashionable and sensible.

To describe minutely and in order the



A PARIS CYCLING COSTUME.

As Worn by a Pretty Virginia Girl Who Visits Here.



AN EASTERN SUGGESTION.

A Smart Costume Which Is Seen on Peachtree.

FRENCH
Valuable Ad
For Women
Invest in a Sp
Wardrobe.

Paris, March 21, 1896.
During warm season
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BROWN VELVET
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FRENCH FASHIONS

Valuable Advice from Paris
For Women About to
Invest in a Spring
Wardrobe.



FRENCH SPRING TOILET.

The taffeta skirt can be worn with a muslin lace blouse.

I described in this place recently some chic serge gowns made for Cannes. I have not much to add. The jacket should be fitted behind and loose and open in front, or should reach only five or six inches below the waist. There should be no trimming, but stitching. The sleeves of all gowns at present are close to far up above the elbow. The balloons have small dimensions. The skirt has less material than it had, but preserves the same flaring outline. It should have a



BROCADE VELVET BLOUSE AND GREEN TAFFETA JACKETS.

creation of the dressmaker that he would like to put in fashion; they are genuine attempts at renewing this mode. The trouble is, your dressmaker, reader, if she has been in Paris, will offer you both; it is best to choose among the first.

The test of invitations will come, but not until late. In Paris there is a crucible that is waiting elsewhere, and that is



BROWN VELVET FIGARO.

considered final. It is found in the great spring reunions of the Concours Hippique, the Salon Vertissage and the Grand Prix. The last of these comes the 6th of June or thereabouts, and if a fashion remains intact after being shaken through these three sieves it may be depended upon; it is not a vulgar exaggeration, it is orthodox and will be worn all summer and longer. But until the Grand Prix gowns are being made not a reliable person connected with dress will pretend to say with exactness what the summer character of dress will be. She can only approximate.

All this is meant to explain why one should wish to be in the movement, but not ahead of it, and why when a new style is attempted it has become the rule to, as it were, "try it on the dog." I confess that it is only half a truth I am telling, but I have embarked on too long a subject to continue. There are exceptions to modifications, but the general conditions are as I have said.

Advice for Semi-Season Dress.

An investment in spring gowns will be satisfactory in ratio as they are chic and stylish and can be changed to fall into a useful place in the summer wardrobe. Then I propose to the woman who can buy two that one should be a navy blue serge, and the other a black dark-colored velvet figaro with a light silk skirt. The navy advice might have been given last year and the year before, but this only illustrates the slow change of fashion, for both these are fashionable. It is a conservative choice and they can be worn all summer through. The serge will be the traveling dress and the country morning dress by the sea. The figaro will be convenient for cool days and for warm ones



DOUBLE-BREADED BLOUSE.

But, considering all, it would seem as if practicality and fashion were very well summed up in the two models proposed.

ADA YOUNG.

SIX SATISFACTORY RECIPES.

Chestnut Pudding—Cook two quarts of French chestnuts till quite soft; then press them through sieve. Add two tablespoonsful of sugar, and flavor slightly with vanilla. Surround with wreath of whipped cream slightly sweetened.

Egg Macaroni—One cup chopped ham (chopped very, very fine). Half pint of cream thickened with flour. Three eggs. Stir all together and bake in oven one-half hour. Then turn out on flat dish and pour a cream sauce over it.

Eggs, Convenient Fashion—Take two or three large onions, slice them very thin and fry till a nice brown. Have ready a half dozen hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, and a cupful of rice soup stock with a little flour mixed in it; add the eggs to the onions, then pour in the gravy, and stir all till the gravy has thickened. Serve very hot.

Lobster Timbale—Take three pounds of lobster (cooked). Pick meat out of the shell and chop very fine. Add a little thickened cream and heat all to scalding point. Then line a ring mold with soft-cooked rice and put the prepared lobster in. Turn all out on a dish and pour over all a white cream sauce.

Bologna Sausage—Boil Bologna from one hour and a half to two hours. Serve with a wall of mashed potatoes and thick brown gravy outside the potatoes.

Macaroni—Boil and beat half a pound of sweet almonds in a mortar with a tablespoonful of water till quite fine, gradually adding the whites of three eggs, whipped to a froth; then mix in half a pound of loaf sugar, finely powdered. Spread sheets of white paper on your baking tin and over that proper wet paper, lay the paste on it in pieces the size of a walnut and sift the sugar over it. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

EYES ARE ROENTGEN'S RAYS.

Professor Salvioni's Methods for Enabling Us to See Through Solids.

From a Translation in Nature of the Proceedings of the Accademia Medico-Chirurgica di Perugia.

Though the retina may be fluorescent to the Roentgen rays, as is the glass of the photographic plate, it is hardly probable that it could see objects directly through layers of wood, aluminum, flesh, etc. This, however, does not exclude the possibility of seeing them indirectly, by transforming, so to say, the Roentgen rays into ordinary luminous rays before they reach the eye. I have made a simple arrangement by means of which I can distinctly see the shapes of bodies enclosed in boxes of cardboard, aluminum, etc. This cryptoscope, which I have the honor of showing to the academy, consists of a small cardboard tube, about eight centimeters high. One end is closed by a sheet of black paper, on which is spread a layer of fish glue and calcium sulphide (there being no barium and platinum cyanide at hand); this substance I have found to be very phosphorescent under the action of Roentgen rays. Within the cardboard tube, at the other end, at which the eye is placed, is fixed a lens, giving a clear image of the phosphorescent paper. On looking through this cryptoscope one can see, even in a light room, the shape and position of metallic bodies enclosed in boxes of cardboard, wood, aluminum, and within the flesh. Its action is obviously the same as that of the Roentgen rays, which are illuminated only in those portions which receive rays, consequently the silhouettes of the objects intercepting the rays appear dark. In this there is, of course, nothing new which could not have been deduced from the original experiments of Roentgen; the novelty, if, indeed, it is so, consists merely in making use of the known facts to design the arrangement.

It seems to me that, in a more perfected form, it might be of extensive use in surgical and medical science. The sulphide of calcium may be replaced with advantage by the cyanide of barium and platinum. It further clears that when, by camera or other means, not only the shadows, but also the images, can be photographed clearly, I believe, Professor Salvioni and Garbasso, of Pisa, have already succeeded in doing, the same cryptoscope will render visible also the images of bodies enclosed in wood or other materials.

NEWSPAPER HUMOR.

Irate Patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Doctor—Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Irate Patron—My son took your medicine for a year and died an hour after the last dose.

Doctor—My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years—London Tit-Bits.

A Counterfeit Bill.

Fascinated by the rubiness of her lips, he suddenly implanted on them a kiss.

They perceptibly paled.

He brushed his moustache across his lips and found thereon a dash of rouge.

"Stick on a counterfeit bill again," was all he said—Indianapolis Journal.

Not All in Kentucky.

"Are you a candidate?" asked the newspaper interviewer of the Kentucky citizen.

"Yes, suh. I feel that I have a duty to perform, and I shall not shrink from it. I perceive the breach, and shall fill myself into it without considering how inadequate the recognition of my services may be."

"Excuse me, but what position are you a candidate?"

"Well, suh, that is a minor detail upon which circumstances have not as yet permitted me to record a definite decision."—Washington Star.

A Woman of Business.

Cashier—Don't think I can cash this draft, miss. I don't know you.

Miss—Here, don't be silly; give me the money. Who cares if you don't know me? I don't know you, either—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Kick Coming.

Hungry Higgins—Between you and I, I think these here jokes about our profession is almost worth to death.

W. W. Watkins—Well, so long as it ain't us that's been worked to death, what kick have we got—Indianapolis Journal.

She Got It All.

Mrs. Vansock (indignantly)—Mrs. O'Leone, the color all came out of my new cover on account of the light-weight material.

Mrs. O'Leone (pacifyingly)—Never mind, mum. Shure it all went into the other clothes, mum—Judge.

No Chance To Speak.

Briggs—You know Gablets, don't you?

Briggs—Oh, I have a listening acquaintance with him—Tit-Bits.

Would Work All Right.

"Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this recurring again?"

"O! don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages."—Life.

Their Fault, of Course.

Mrs. Greene—I really think it too bad for the men to poke fun at the old maids. Surely, it is no fault of theirs.

Mrs. White—Indeed it is. Did you ever know one who hadn't remained single from choice?

The Man of Destiny.

His Wife—My dear, you have been talking a great deal in your sleep lately.

Presidential Possibility—Have I—ahem—I hope—a I hope I have not expressed any decided views about the currency question.—Puck.

In Chicago.

He—I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me.

She—Shall I close my eyes?—Woonsocket Reporter.

The Wellesley Stroke

The Way Miss Lucile Hill Evolved It.
She Teaches Girls to Play.

There was a time, not so remote as the date of the pyramids' building, nor yet of the Taj Mahal, when the frontier of art in the United States was in the great central valley of the continent. Cincinnati was the rallying point of the pioneers who established this frontier, and the art club of that city antedates most similar organizations in the United States. Nearly all of those who made up the old club, not a few of whom were afterwards to become renowned, are now dead. Some of the second group have also gone before, and most of them have left the scene of their early struggles and studies, but their work with

position, and carried off a medal. When he returned he was a prophet not without honor in his own country, and since then fame and fortune have smiled upon him, until today the name of Fanny is one to conjure with. Fanny is a member of three Indian tribes. As a Zuni his tribal name is "Kochakwah." "The Medicine Bear," his Blackfoot name is "Somakodapek." "The Bull That Stops and Looks About," and his Sioux name is "Wasitche." "The White-Facemaker Chief," Fanny knows and loves his Indians, and he depicts them as no painter before him has done, and no living one but himself can do today. Personally, he is a jolly good fellow; al-



TRAINING.

the chisel and the brush is seen and admired wherever art is known and loved.

In the sixties, when the war cloud hung over the land, Thomas Buchanan Read and Henry Mosler were the shining lights of the club. Of their successors, such men as Chase and Fanny and Mosler are leading examples of the modern schools. He has been a student of the French government, and he has been decorated with the Legion of Honor. Hart and Cleveland were in the Cincinnati group when Whitbridge and Wyant were painting landscapes; so was John Tait, who was one of the first Americans to study at Dusseldorf, when it was the great romantic school of art.

C. T. Webber, the veteran portrait painter, belonged to the pioneer group, and is now the sole, uncompromising survivor of that coterie. He has lived to see many of his earlier contemporaries join the silent majority, and to see others depart to foreign lands and distant cities, but he has always declined to study abroad or to adopt the methods of the modern school. Today he paints on the same lines that he painted thirty years ago. He employs a vigorous and picturesque vernacular in speaking of impressionism and the theories of the modern schools. He has been eminently successful, has won distinction and is one of the few American artists who have achieved the honor of "on the line" in the Paris salon without going abroad.

Fanny's Art Career.

While the men of the formative period were blazing the way on the art frontier, H. F. Fanny was playing tag and other intellectual games with the young braves and squaws of the Senecas at his father's house on the Allegheny. Later he drifted to Cincinnati on a lumber raft. The war broke out and young Fanny made lithographs for a local firm. Later he cartooned Jefferson Davis in crinoline. This pleased the Harpers, and Fanny did work for them. After the war he removed to New York and later joined Buchanan Read, then minister to Rome. Still later he drifted about in the studios of Incepsdorf, Munich and Strasburg. In Munich he fell in with Munkacsy, and as they were both too poor to hire models they took turns posing for each other, and so it was with Fanny and the principal figure in "The Condemned Man," the great canvas that won fame and fortune for Munkacsy.

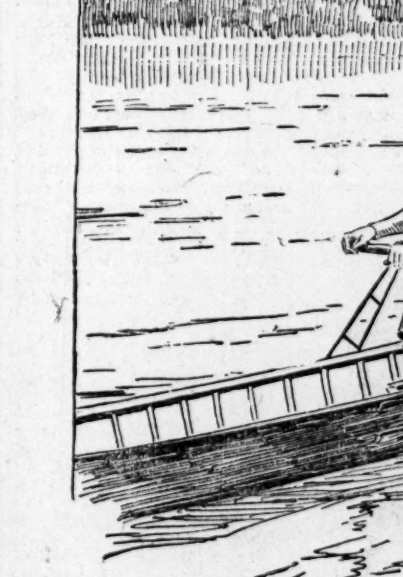
Still poorer, after three years abroad, Fanny returned to America in the steerage. Then he went to Cincinnati and painted, but no one would buy his pictures. After



TRAINING.

ways overflowing with infinitely interesting anecdotes and reminiscences. He is as devoted to the west in art as Eugene Field was in literature, and he believes in the unbounded possibilities of art in America.

Henry Mosler, after twenty years spent abroad, returned last year to America and has handsome studios in the top of Carnegie building in New York, where his



THE RACE.

Saturday afternoons are among the fashionable fads of the season, and his canvases are known throughout the country. Fanny was for a while in Cincinnati, and afterwards went to Paris.

The Struggles of the First Beard.

Probably no American artist ever lived living so all artists, perched high before his easel, talked pleasantly a day or two ago regarding his father's early struggles.

"Remember," said he, "that one of the stories father used to tell was that when a boy he went to a funeral at a house where for the first time he saw wall paper. Filled with admiration, he went home and proceeded to reproduce the paper pattern on



BOWLING ON THE GREEN.

successful portrait painter of Washington, D. C. He came from near Cleveland, O., but was for a while in Cincinnati, and afterwards went to Paris.

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"Remember," said he, "that one of the stories father used to tell was that when a boy he went to a funeral at a house where for the first time he saw wall paper. Filled with admiration, he went home and proceeded to reproduce the paper pattern on

the walls of his own home, but instead of the praise he expected he got a licking. A little later he ran away from home and made his own outfit. His paint tubes were made of fish bladders. His brushes were composed of the hairs begged from the furriers. His palette and stretcher he made at a carpenter's shop. Thus equipped, he struck out for Pittsburgh where for a time he led a precarious existence. When he left he was obliged to dispense with the formality of address to his landlord. With a newly found friend, a silver-smith, the young artist embarked on a flatboat for Cincinnati. Both the voyagers were forced to work their way. This was in 1838.

"After a while he got a place in a chair factory, painting chairs. Here his industry stood him in good stead, for he painted more chairs than any one else in the shop and made a good living. A little later he boarded in the family of a certain Colonel Carter, and very soon he had made sketches and portraits of the colonel which pleased him and then in rapid succession he painted the Colonel's wife, daughters, sisters, cousins, aunts, and in fact all his relations. Father's acquaintance with Colonel Carter and his family was a turning point in his career and hastened the time when he could give up chair and sign painting for the serious pursuit of his art. It was about this time that he charged \$5 for a portrait, with an extra charge of \$5 if the subject was portrayed holding a volume of Watts's hymns. After this he painted the portraits of the long list of distinguished men—Clay, John Quincy Adams, Zachary Taylor, William Henry Harrison and others. While painting Taylor Father said to him, 'Well, general, I suppose you are to be our next president?'

"I hope not," grunted the bluff old hero. "No military man has any business in the presidential chair, but if they offer it to me I suppose I'll be—fool enough to accept it." And he was. It was shortly after Father's marriage to a niece of Colonel Carter, in 1833, that he made the southern campaign tour. Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, was then running for congress. He was defeated by a song which Father wrote and this brought a challenge to a duel. Eighteen boon companions of my father answered the challenge and told Marshall that he must fight all of them, singly or all at once, but the eighteen men he must meet! Somehow this duel never came off, and Marshall afterwards alluded to it but once, and that was when he first saw father's canvas, "The Last Victim of the Flood." Standing before the painting Marshall seemed visibly impressed. Finally, drawing himself up to his full height, he turned to father and said: 'Beard, you're a mighty good painter, but you're a d— poor poet.'

The Success of Mosler.

When I asked Henry Mosler to tell me something of his early struggles in the field of art, he carefully shut one eye and looked critically at the skylight. After that he partially closed both eyes and scrutinized the red ribbon in his buttonhole.

"I met with little tangible success," he said, "until I painted 'The Lost Cause,' after the war, representing a confederate leaning upon his rifle, before the empty cabin with desolate fields about it. This had exactly the reverse effect of what I had expected. It called forth a storm of abuse in the northern papers, and in the south it created much enthusiasm. It was purchased by Colonel A. S. Berry, of Newport, and I then owned my first real estate, as I took a lot in payment. Within a short time copies of the painting adorned many southern homes. After that my success was



THE RACE.

fair, and perhaps the next epoch was marked in '73, when the French government purchased 'The Return,' for the Luxembourg, thus conferring that honor on an American for the first time.

"My third greatest honor, in chronological sequence, was when, having been declared 'hors concours,' the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon me. I well remember the vanishing day at the salon, when I made the discovery of the honor conferred upon 'The Return.' My wife and I went through the rooms looking for my canvas, but we could not find it. As we retraced our steps we saw in the salle d'honneur a large crowd grouped about some canvas. We pressed forward to see what it was, and there it was. My delight was unbounded. The moment was one of the happiest of my life.

"Another honor that I prize highly is the gold medal awarded in 1889 by the archduke, Carl Ludwig, of Austria, at the Vienna exhibition, for 'The Last Moments,' being the only one conferred on any foreign artist. Of my American experiences I greatly enjoyed the trip I made to America in 1896 to make studies of distinctively American subjects. On this occasion, accompanied by my old friend, F. T. Webber, of Cincinnati, one of the ablest genre painters that America has produced, I made studies in New Mexico among the Apaches. 'Abandoned,' 'The Visit of the Indians,' and 'The White Captive' were exhibited at the Paris salons of '87 and '88, and 'The White Captive' and 'The Harvest Dance' are the two canvases which placed me 'hors concours' at the salon. It was from Mr. James H. Beard that, when but a boy of ten, I received my first real instruction in art."

He Was Tender Hearted.

"Charley is so tender hearted," said young Mrs. Torkins to her husband's friend.

"Is he?"

"Yes. Last night, when he came home late I heard him tell somebody who had walked that far with him that the kitty was doing well. Just think of a man as busy as he is taking so much interest in a poor dumb animal!"

What Puzzled Uncle Gehaw.

Sarah—Father, I wish you wouldn't look at Mr. Ferdinand Citty so sharply when he calls. It embarrasses him.

Uncle Gehaw (puzzled)—I won't no more, da'ter, if you say so; only his collar an' cuffs is sewed onto his shirt, an' I'll be gol darned if I see how he turns 'em. I s'pose he has tow turn the hull thing inside out tow do it—Puck.



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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to the
Atlanta Constitution

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1896.

Alonzo the Brave

*The Way a Lad of Ten Years Supported
His Sister and Crippled Mother. . . .*

By ELIZABETH BISLAND.

"A story, please, Aunt Amy."
"Yes, a story—and Aunt Amy, if you know a real, truly story, we'd like that best."
"Oh, no, Jimmie! Let auntie tell about Alonzo the Brave, and Imogen the Fair. I like that best."
"No, auntie, dear—tell us a true story—"
"Wait, don't dispute over it. I'll tell you about Alonzo, or I'll tell you a true story. Not the Alonzo you mean, Betty; but a real boy who is braver than any knight in the old romances. This is the story."
"It began with the new teacher in the second primary grade. She said:
"Reading class, please come forward, and bring your books."
"The new teacher was young and had pink cheeks and a pretty dress. Her brown hair was parted in the middle and brushed back very smooth, and she had an alert, energetic expression which suggested businesslike methods. The children of the second primary observed her with great curiosity, and when she wasn't looking they whispered to each other that they thought they should like her very much. Far better than old Miss Allen, who wore a funny bang like broken corkscrews, and had rheumatism and had given up her classes to go and live with her sister. Miss Smith was the new teacher who had come to take her place. A change which the second primary found very interesting.
"There were fourteen boys in the reading class. Miss Smith counted them. Then she counted them a second time. When that was done she stared a little. Her pink cheeks grew pinker and she bit her lips.
"What's your name?" she said to the first boy in the row. He had a pug nose and freckles and a cheerful blue eye.
"Johnny Slattherry, ma'am," he said, with a smooth Irish brogue.
"And yours?"
"Freddy Baumgartner."
"And yours?"
"Othcar Thelintky," said the curly-headed little Pole, who lisped when he talked, giving a violent sniff in his excitement at being called on for his name right in the midst of the class. Miss Allen had never done such a thing—never—but Miss Smith went right down the line asking everybody the same question, until she came to the fourteenth boy, who said his name was Alonzo Armstrong.
"Are you sure?" Miss Smith insisted with some sternness.
"The whole reading class stared. Oscar sniffed again, more loudly than before.
"Yes'm," Alonzo said politely, but he looked surprised.
"Oh!—well, please open your books, boys, and go on with the lesson."
"It wasn't very successful, that lesson. Everybody blundered and Oscar sniffed so often that Miss Smith sent him back to his seat. The reading class was not so sure it preferred the new teacher to Miss Allen, after all.
"When school was ready for dismissal Miss Smith said to Alonzo that he was to wait; she wished to speak to him. He

you were a girl at first. I could not believe my own eyes."
"Alonzo grew redder still, and the tears came into his eyes. He admired the new teacher very much, and that she should for even one moment have thought him a girl seemed very shocking. He hung his head. On the top of it was a heap of silken yellow hair. It was rolled into a close knot and fastened with hairpins, but one or two soft ends strayed out, and curled like little yellow feathers.
"Miss Smith waited for an answer, and when none came she said, coldly:
"You may go now; but tell your mother for me that I think long hair on a boy of your age is a mistake. She had better have it cut at once."
"Alonzo said 'Yes'm' once more, and went; but when the class in reading came up next day there was the same thick coil on his head. Miss Smith noticed that it

self. 'Why does he stick so persistently to that uncomfortable hair? I didn't know he sold papers. He is always so tidy and prompt and knows his lessons so well that I never dreamed of his working for a living too.'
"Then Miss Smith began to think of her Christmas presents, and her own Christmas vacation, and forgot all about Alonzo until she met him again in the schoolroom after the holidays and spoke to him in a more friendly tone than she had ever done before. She noticed his blush and his pleased look, but Alonzo blushed easily, and Miss Smith was busy and that was the end of it.
"The end of it at least until one day when Miss Smith had a headache, and had it so badly that she decided before recess was over to ask Miss Conway to take her afternoon classes and let her go home to bed. She was hurrying through the streets half blind with pain, scarcely looking where she went when she struck against some one, and there was a crash and a cry.
"The some one had been gathering up the broken and refuse wood where an old house had been torn down, and this great load of sticks, tied up in a piece of sacking, was what she had knocked into confusion all about the pavement. Miss Smith was very sorry for the trouble she had given. She stopped to apologize and there stood

gets 5 cents for that. He studies his lessons at night, poor lad, because he is very anxious to be educated. He's always talking about the fine things he means to do when he gets through the grammar grades.



SELLING PAPERS.

I take in some sewing, and Mary she helps me with the cooking and washing, and so we keep together and get along."
"But his hair," said Miss Smith, gently, her cheeks getting pink with shame to think how many times she had spoken coldly to Alonzo. "Why does he wear long hair? It seems such an odd thing to do."
"Mrs. Armstrong smiled.
"Oh, that's one of his ways of earning money, ma'am. Did you ever see his hair down? It's beautiful. There's a place downtown where they make a hair tonic for sale, and every Saturday afternoon Alonzo goes and stands in their show window with a velvet coat on and his hair down and a placard is put up to say that by using that hair tonic any one's hair can be made just as beautiful as his. And the people stand in crowds around the window all the afternoon, and Alonzo gets well paid for it. Besides that, every once in a while they have plays at the theatres where they need some one to play a fairy or an angel, and then the manager always sends for my boy, and he gets pay for it."
"Do you mean to say that Alonzo does all that?" cried Miss Smith in amazement.
"Yes'm. Only when he acts in the theatre then he can't sell papers in the morning, because he has to study his lessons. I know he works too hard, ma'am, but what can I do? He seems well, and he's so happy and proud about supporting Mary and me that I don't like to bother him."
"Miss Smith took Mrs. Armstrong's hand in her own and said warmly: 'I think to have such a son as Alonzo should console you for all your trials,' and Alonzo's mother smiled proudly, though the tears were in her eyes again, and Mary wiped her last dish and got down off her box to open the door for the teacher."
Betty drew a long breath.
"Was Alonzo a real boy, Aunt Amy?"
"Yes, Betty; I saw him in the school myself, with his yellow hair knotted up on top of his head, and when I asked the teacher, who was Miss Smith, why he wore it that way, she told me this story."
"Well, I think Alonzo is the nicest boy I ever heard of," said Jimmie, enthusiastically. "I'd like to know him."

TIP AND RUN.

A New Game for the Early Spring for Boys and Girls.
Tip and run is the name of a game our English cousins are just learning—both boys and girls. It resembles cricket, so some one says, as a caricature resembles its original.
It is a game to play early in the spring, before cricket or tennis can be thought of, and it has this advantage over golf that it can be played on lawns or garden plots without damage to the turf.
Tip and run involves much exercise of a rather severe kind.
This is the manner of it: The fair guardian of the wicket, armed with a bat or even a racket, takes her stand, and as soon as she has hit the bowler's ball is bound to run as fast as she can between the wickets, as failure to hit or to run involves discomfiture and an immediate successor at the bat.
The score mounts up rapidly, as an expert batswoman can hit each time and fly to and fro like a ball herself, until she can be dislodged by three successive failures to hit her ball. The other players field out with a success generally less than more. Bowling usually taxes the skill of fair players more than batting. They do not, as a rule, bowl with the mechanical skill which marks the masculine player.
Eleven is the proper number for each team of tip and run. When men are permitted to re-enforce the eleven they play left-handed or bat with broomsticks. But even thus handicapped they often seem to be more than a match for their fair antagonists, though there be eleven, and there are those who can well hold their own upon the level green, and are afraid of no man's prowess, and understand all the intricacies of the game.
The maiden possessed of Atalanta's speed and grace will doubtless prove the prize player at tip and run, but every girl who indulges in the game will find herself the better and the rosier for the fresh air, sunshine and exercise it gives her.
DIANA CROSSWAYS.



THE LITTLE GIRL BROUGHT A CHAIR FOR HER.

was smoother and tighter than yesterday, and no little curls escaped, and that Alonzo knew his lessons perfectly. Indeed, he stood well in all his classes.
"Did you give your mother my message?" she asked, as he was gathering up his books to go.
"Alonzo blushed again, and looked very unhappy.
"Yes'm, I did; but she said it couldn't be cut."
"Oh—very well! Of course, your mother must do as she pleases about it; but I still think that a boy with long hair looks absurd."
"By the end of the month the whole second primary grade was quite sure that not only did it like Miss Smith better than Miss Allen, but that it liked her better than any teacher in the world. She was so pretty and so merry, and she showed them and told them so many interesting things about their lessons that it was nice to go to school than not to.
"And she knew and loved every one of her scholars—except Alonzo. He was always shy and silent with her, and she felt that her manner to him was cold, though she didn't mean it to be so. Whenever she looked at that silly golden coil on the top of his head she had a sense of annoyance. She could not help but feel that a boy who would consent to wear such a thing must be very much lacking in the proper boyish spirit.
"The days passed on and Alonzo still kept his hair and still knew his lessons, and the time came around for Christmas shopping. That was why Miss Smith was coming uptown on the Fourth avenue car at 6 o'clock with her arms full of parcels.
"Papers! Papers! Telegram! Telegram! Here's your Evening Telegram! News! Sun! World!—papers!"
"A newsboy swung himself onto the moving car and passed himself down the aisle offering papers. He sold five, and then the conductor, who had been talking to a friend, noticed the boy.
"Here, you! Get out of this! Don't you know boys ain't to sell papers in the car?"
"He made a dive at the little child, who slipped from under his hands and sprang to the pavement, but the conductor caught the boy's hat as he passed, and made a pretense of keeping it. The boy ran along behind the car, panting, laughing and pleading; his thin, nimble legs twinkling like the spokes of a wheel.
"Why, it's a girl!" cried one of the passengers in amazement. "Look at that hair!"
Miss Smith craned her neck to catch a glimpse of the child. It was Alonzo. The conductor had yielded that hat, but a cloud of yellow ringlets blew about the boy's head, and as the car passed swiftly on, the last she saw of him he was grappling furiously with the blowing locks, while the wind fluttered his papers.
"What a strange boy," she said to her-

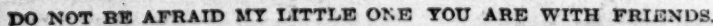


"WHY DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAIR IN THAT SILLY FASHION?"
looked disturbed, but he said 'Yes'm' again very politely, and sat still.
"What is the matter with your head, child?" the new teacher said, as soon as they were alone.
"My head, m?"
"Don't pretend that you don't know what I mean," Miss Smith said, a little sharply. She was a great believer in discipline, and her temper was sometimes short. "Why do you wear your hair in that silly fashion?"
"Alonzo grew scarlet. He opened his mouth, and shut it again; but he said nothing.
"It seems to me absurd that a big boy of your age should wear long hair. You must be at least ten years old. I thought

By Gerald Brennan.

"Ma foi!" he said, "the Croix Blanche is

The crowd was willing enough to be amused while waiting for the great event—the emperor's appearance; but that Gul-Suppo was permitted to give his little performance. The antics of the marionette awoke many plaudits; and at its close many copper and a few silver coins rattled into his hat. Then, stimulated by success, he began a new exhibition. But this time his fates seemed against him. A cry arose from the inn behind that the emperor was coming. Three or four officious servants or



"Look you!" he shouted, banging the table, "haven't you finished your gluttony yet? Don't you know that there's a big crowd in the streets to see this fine em-

boy whom I knew six years ago. I was a drummer in the emperor's army. I felt thanks; but tears came instead of words. The emperor understood. "Say nothing, little one," he interposed. "I know you are grateful. And now, tell me which of two things had you rather do: go back to the home in Genoa or join my great army as a drummer and strive for fame and fortune?"

The lad hesitated a moment, and there

Norma Teel, Morris Station, Ga.—Dear Junior: There has been quite an improvement since last I wrote in The Junior columns. I go to school and think every girl and boy should strive to get an education for it is the price of knowledge. Spring will soon be here. The flowers are beginning to open. Our yard is very pretty with bulbous rooted plants that first herald the spring. The dear birds too, to tell us that the winter birds sing gayly among the trees, and the harbingers of spring. We have not had any snow this winter and I hope we will not have any. Some of the cousins spoke

We youngsters up here at Wool Mark certainly do have some nice times. I have been going to a vocal music school for term of twenty days and now that great singer and gentleman, Professor A. Showalter, is going to teach a normal school next here, which will give us a chance to climb higher and higher on the musical ladder. I sing songs. We have also organized a county singing convention for the benefit of the young people here every four months we all get together for a period of three days and, O my! if I don't have a jolly time.

I would like to correspond with some of the youngsters, as correspondence is both pleasant and profitable in some ways.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers
of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., March 22, 1896.

We publish this week the speech delivered by Edna Miller, a young girl of Miss Hanna's private school, in a debate a week or two ago at a Tennyson evening given by Miss Hanna's school.

In this debate it developed, if it had never before, that girls can catch up points and debate them with much force. It was pronounced by the large audience to have been the best debate ever heard by girls. Dr. Hawthorne, the judge who gave the decision of the committee, said that the debate proved conclusively that the young women of the nineteenth century could speak in public, and with much force.

A new school house is being erected on Crew street. It will be built side by side with the present school building and will be occupied by eight grades, as the grades of Crew street school will soon be doubled.

Friday night twenty-five little children gave an entertainment at the Young Men's Christian Association hall which was greatly enjoyed by those who attended. It was given by twenty-five of the children belonging to the Junior Order of the International Order of Good Templars. They presented "Mother Goose" in a happy style and did honor to themselves. The Junior order is a good thing and is supported by some of the best people of the city. The children are taught every afternoon at their hall and many are made to be useful children.

The Junior is indebted to Mrs. Prather's school for some drawings by the pupils of that school. They do credit to the artist, or artists, and evidently Mrs. Prather is teaching art in her school.

Tomorrow night, Tuesday night and Wednesday night, a grand concert will be given at the Columbia theater for the benefit of the Atlanta Free Kindergarten Association. By the way a photographer went down to this institution the other day and took the picture of all the little tots, making a fine picture indeed.

Baseball, baseball, baseball. The boys are beginning to practice all over town. The organization of several clubs is on the tapis and before a few weeks have passed there will be more juvenile baseball in the city than any one ever heard of before. Two new teams have already applied for admission to the Junior League.

A Dog Brought the Pardon.

It was a dog that brought liberty to a convict in the Kentucky penitentiary recently, says The Cincinnati Enquirer. The intelligent brute acted as a messenger between Governor Brown and the felon, carrying the pardon in its mouth from the executive mansion to the prison and after gaining admittance, to the recipient of the clemency himself. The dog is the property of the governor, and the convict is O. G. Garden, of Louisville, who was sentenced two years ago to serve a term of eight years for manslaughter.

For some time Garden has been employed as a trusty at the executive mansion, doing chores and running errands. The dog, a fine specimen of the shepherd breed, is a family pet and is unusually intelligent.

It was a part of Garden's duty to look after the animal and they came to be fast friends. When the prison doors were opened in the morning the collar was there to meet his convict friend and accompany him to the mansion. At night he returned with his striped playmate to the grim portals.

When the pardon was made out it was suggested that the dog be permitted to carry the welcome freedom to his devoted friend. The paper was inclosed in a stout envelope and given to the animal, which was told to go to the penitentiary. With a wag of its tail it left the mansion and ran down the old accustomed route to the prison. A telephone message apprised the guards of his coming and he was admitted without delay.

Garden was in the yard patiently awaiting the arrival of the governor's messenger, never dreaming that the dog had been selected. Catching sight of the well known face, the dog ran up to the convict and laid the envelope at his feet. The glad cry of happy surprise that the overjoyed prisoner gave vent to on catching up the official envelope and tearing it open was re-echoed by a succession of joyous barks from the four-footed harbinger of good tidings.

Leaves Fifty Feet Long.

From The St. Louis Republic.

In our temperate climate none of the trees has leaves of a size that will even compare favorably with those of the sea island and tropical countries in general. The maple, the oak and the elm leaves are but infinitesimal bits of green when compared with the gigantic sheets of velvety verdure found on some of the trees, shrubs and plants of South and Central America.

The South American tree which has the largest leaf is the inaja palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon. The leaves of this giant are often fifty feet

in length, but they are very narrow, seldom exceeding eight to ten feet. With the Ceylonese coconut palm it is different. In that species the leaves are from twenty to twenty-five feet in length and from sixteen to eighteen in width. The natives of Ceylon are said to use these leaves in tent making, three or four being sufficient to make a shelter for a whole family. An extraordinary specimen of Ceylonese palm leaf now in the British museum, and which must be a freak—because the average length and breadth of the leaves of this variety of trees do not exceed the figures given above—is thirty-six feet in length and twenty-eight in width, even though it is admitted that it must have shrunk one-fifth in drying.

LIONESSES FIGHT.

BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN VICTORIA AND SULTANA.

They Fight Over a Lion and Jealousy Was the Cause—Lioness Ate One of Hagenbeck's Monkeys.

Hagenbeck's show on the Midway at the exposition was the scene of great excitement, at 4 o'clock, last Sunday.

The large performing cage of Lorenzo's lions, always occupied by Bob, a male African lion; Victoria and Queenie, two lionesses, is at present engaged by Victoria and Bob, Queenie being busily nursing her litter of four little babies.

The management decided to make a change and put in a seven-year-old lioness, named Sultana. Victoria, who is the largest female lion in captivity, weighing nearly 400 pounds, and measuring nine feet from nose to hind quarters, immediately became jealous at her lord and master, Bob, receiving a new wife. There was trouble in that cage in a few minutes. She growled and growled again and again till Bob made overtures to Sultana, and that settled it. With a terrific roar and a bound she sprang upon poor Sultana, catching her in her massive jaws and throwing her completely over her head from one end of the cage to the other. Sultana jumped up, recovered and made a spirited fight, but was no match for her more powerful antagonist. Bob, to his everlasting disgrace and the magnanimity of the noble lion we read of, lay calmly and supinely, allowing the fight to go on without interesting himself in any way to protect the weakest.

Frank Hall, the English lion trainer; Captain Maitland and assistants rushed to the rescue with bars, scrapers and forks and succeeded, after several minutes of hard work, in separating the infuriated combatants, and with a sliding shutter separated Sultana from her powerful foe. She is badly mauled and injured, but with care and rest is expected to recover. Meanwhile, Victoria, for the space of half an hour, made a splendid exhibition of herself, worthy of a painter's powers, in stalking up and down her cage, pawing, roaring and begging to be allowed to finish the fight. This makes the third lioness that Victoria has attacked. The previous two she killed. She will allow Bob no other wife except herself.

Last week Queenie, one of the prettiest lions ever in Atlanta, ate a monkey that had been meddling with her little lions. The monkey escaped from its cage and went into Queenie's cage and disturbed her babies. No sooner did Queenie discover him than that did she spring at him and in a minute the little wretch had disappeared down the lion's jaws.

Robin Redbreast.

The country people of England, as well as of several other countries, have an idea that the red of the robin's breast was caused by a drop of blood which fell upon it at the crucifixion. According to the story, the robin, commiserating the condition of Christ, tried to pluck the crown of thorns from His brow, and in so doing got its breast wet with the blood flowing from the wounds. The color became permanent, being transmitted from generation to generation, and thus, according to the legend, the robin is a perpetual reminder of the suffering of Christ.

De Vallon Dugas's Poem.

DeVallon Dugas, aged thirteen, is a remarkably bright little boy. He is a grandson of Professor William Henry Peck.

DeVallon wrote a poem recently about his home, and the poem is published below:

OUR HOME.

We have a pretty little home,
One hundred and thirty-nine;
The streets are paved all nice with stone,
And the bricks are laid quite fine.

The cars run by on Piedmont street,
One house from our own;
Those conductors, they would never cheat
For even ham and bone.

We have a good, fine Jersey cow,
And Blossie is her name;
Now she makes an awful row,
Though at first she was quite tame.

I have a brother twelve years old,
His name is Alexander;
And two sisters, worth in gold
Their weight, which could not hand them.

My mother is good to all of us;
A kinder could never be found;
If ever there happens to be a fuss
She always quiets it down.

When Friday night comes our lessons are gone,
And there's nothing to bother us then,
But if company comes all hope has flown,
For mother is with our friend.

Our cook can neither write nor read,
But my sisters are teaching her now,
And she's getting along very well, indeed,
And will pretty soon know just how.

My mother she reads to us all every night,
Which no other mother would do,
And saves two of us well from a fight,
And the book makes none of us blue.

And so our home runs on,
A happier can never be found;
We go to school every morn'
And once in a while uptown.

A MAGNIFICENT SPEECH.

MISS EDNA MILLER, OF MISS HANNA'S SCHOOL, IN DEBATE.

Her Speech Delivered at the Tennyson Evening Given by Miss Hanna's School Was Superb.

On the evening of the 2d of this month the girls of Miss Hanna's school gave a Tennyson evening, which proved a great success. The greater part of the programme was a debate upon the subject, "Resolved, That Philip Ray was a nobler character than Enoch Arden."

About a half dozen were on either side and the debate was one of the best ever heard by girls. A committee composed of Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, Judge Milton A. Candler, Colonel W. S. Thomson and Mr. C. L. Brooks decided the debated question in favor of the negative side, but Dr. Hawthorne in stating the decision, said that this was only because the burden of proof rested upon the affirmative side. He said they had done equally as well as the other side, but no better, consequently the decision was for the negative side.

The speech of Miss Edna Miller, the bright young daughter of Captain John A. Miller, on this occasion so impressed the large audience that The Junior publishes it in full this week with the picture of the bright girl who delivered it with such becoming grace. Never before did a fifteen-year-old girl impress an audience so deeply. Her speech was frequently interrupted with applause.

"Resolved, That in Tennyson's poem, 'Enoch Arden,' of the two principal characters Philip Ray's was the nobler."

The English language has few, if any, tenderer, purer, sweeter or more pathetic stories than that which gives to us the characters of Enoch Arden, Philip Ray and Annie Lee.

The immortal Tennyson in this tale of love and pathos, of griefs and joys, gives to the world three of the most lofty, noble and unselfish characters known to our literature. Of these characters we shall contend that Philip Ray's was the noblest—the most exalted.

While the discussion proposed for this evening must of necessity magnify and elevate characters respectively championed, still it would seem a little unfortunate that two such characters as Enoch Arden and Philip Ray should be brought into that contrast which debates always require.

Before entering properly into the discussion of our subject we desire to insist that the story of Enoch Arden, as told by Tennyson, makes a complete record of the facts. That the pictures, so to say, as he paints them are all that can be legitimately considered.

I am aware that the temptation here to indulge in flights of fancy and imagination is great, but contend that no speculation as to motives or conditions or circumstances not specified in the poem should be given weight.

That nobleness of soul and character which stamps its possessor as a true hero most frequently exists in lives of suffering hid behind faces that smile.

The greatest battles of this life are those that are fought within the hearts of men. Great heroes suffer and are silent. The true test—and the hardest—of greatness of heart is in weathering disappointments and bearing with grace defeats.

Enoch Arden spoke his love; Philip Ray loved in silence. As the current of the mighty river his love, though silent, was deep and enduring. Enoch Arden was the successful suitor of the hand of the fair Annie Lee; Philip Ray was rejected.

Our story does not disclose in the life of Enoch Arden that any such severe test was ever applied to him as the youthful Philip Ray was forced to meet when he sued for the hand of Annie Lee and lost, and was forced to become a spectator to the bliss which his life coveted.

That strength of mind and nobility of heart which enables an individual to suffer and smile as Philip Ray did through this most trying ordeal is an unmistakable evidence of the highest order of heroism; the magnanimity with which he yields this prize, the absence of revenge and resentment and the unselfishness with which he labored ever afterwards to promote the highest interest of his successful rival is absolute proof of his pre-eminent nobility. The basis of all true heroism is unselfishness. That heart which can resign to another those things most loved is truly noble. To illustrate how far this nobleness of soul was found in the character of Philip Ray let us briefly recount his cares and his battles and how he met them.

Without murmur or complaint he bowed to the choice which Annie Lee made between himself and Enoch Arden. From the standpoint of human nature his treatment to Enoch Arden and Annie Lee after this would have been indifferent and unfriendly, but with him never for once is such a spirit manifested. During Enoch Arden's long absence on his unfortunate sea voyage he is ever mindful of the highest interest of his wife and children, when the hand of providence opened the way he came to Annie in her grief and despair and comforted her and helped her—educated her children and made himself a father to them, saying all the while he desired to carry out what Enoch wished.

In every way did he seek to contribute to the need of Annie and her children, and that, too, with that delicate loveliness of heart which makes him at once the very paragon of nobleness and goodness. When ten long years had elapsed since Enoch Arden's departure and all hope of his return had died, he ventured to make Annie his wife, saying all the while that he would be content to be loved a little less than Enoch. And when Annie puts him off from year to year, and month to month, he tenderly tells her to take her own time—his every action proving that in seeking to become the husband of the supposed widow his highest desire is to gain the position wherein he can best contribute to the need of Annie and her welfare. Unselfish, generous, noble Philip Ray—let no tongue seek to cast a blot upon the manliness and nobility of heart which knows no malice, no revenge.

What grave injustice is done to true magnanimity when anything but the highest of motives is assigned for the most exalted actions.

Enoch Arden had his trials, but none that showed the great and noble character which Philip Ray's life developed. Enoch Arden was shipwrecked at sea, but Philip Ray had shipwrecked hopes. Enoch Arden was far removed from the scene of his home and loved ones; Philip Ray from the

time that Enoch Arden won the hand of Annie Lee was a constant spectator of his own blasted hopes. The superlative degree of nobility and heroism finds a proper illustration only in the ability of the individual to live in unselfishness and in the every outward indication of absolute peace of mind while coming in daily contact with the fact which robs life of its charm. Without murmur of complaint Philip Ray for long, long years was a witness to the joy and happiness of the more fortunate Enoch Arden. Measured by any standard which true philosophy accepts Philip Ray has no superior in any country or any age. In these two characters we find much to admire and love, much to commend and little to condemn. Weighed, however, in that balance which estimates true nobility, generosity of soul and loftiness of purpose and of heart, and the character of Philip Ray has scarcely a parallel. While less strong and daring in physique than Enoch Arden, yet that strength of soul which makes true nobility was found in him to a higher degree than in Enoch Arden. Enoch Arden's life was more dashing, perchance more brilliant, and certainly more dramatic, but it clearly lacked that evenness of temper, that patient fortitude, that noble self-sacrifice which Philip Ray's possessed. The tragic ending of Enoch Arden's life certainly moves us to sympathetic tears and genuine grief, but this should not draw us from a proper consideration of the true greatness of the character of Philip Ray.

In the great battles royal of life—wherein are determined the highest nobility—no test can be more trying and more searching than that to which the poet subjects Philip Ray. The test was like a refiner's fire. How well he stood it and what greatness of character he displays, the story itself reveals. No one who pretends to a knowledge of what constitutes true strength of character will for a moment doubt or dispute that more of the elements of the true and noble soul are found to exist in the character of Philip Ray than in Enoch Arden. And pray, how are we to judge of nobility of soul if not by the standard of practical every-day greatness? What a low standard of greatness set up if we allow the sad surroundings of Enoch Arden to outweigh the true nobleness of Philip Ray! Take nine out of ten of the civilized men and under like environments with Enoch Arden they would become the hero he did. But how many of the same men do we see falling in the every day battles of life which were so bravely fought and won by Philip Ray.

Enoch Arden excites our pity and compassion—the exalted character of Philip Ray commands our profoundest respect and admiration.

Two Junior Letters.

Lena May Wiese, Jones' Prairie, Tex.—It has been quite a long time since I have written to this department, but noticing the cousins' improvement it made me desirous of writing again. I wish to say to those who have written me such nice letters that I didn't have time to answer them, although I enjoyed reading them. The northern cousins are taking one of their sleigh rides and the fun they have skating, snowballing, etc., but I cannot tell of any such sport. I haven't seen any snow this winter, nor any ice since December. We have had plenty of rain. Sometimes it rains continually for nearly a week. The surrounding hills, fields and pastures look as if a beautiful green carpet were thrown over the earth's rough face. The air is sweet with peach, pear, apricot and wild plum blossoms, and wild flowers. My sister brought some wild violets from the woods the other day. I think they are one of the most beautiful features of spring. Sunday was the first day of August and was warm enough for the first day of August. However, we never know what a freak the changeable climate may play on us, for this morning the sky was darkened with scurrying clouds, the winds came sweeping the fallen leaves (for it was too damp to be dusty) before it. The thermometer fell about 30 degrees in a short time, and judging from the looks of the elements we will have snow before morning.

Willie B. Palmer, Trion Factory, Ga.—I note quite an improvement in The Junior department, and I think it is all due to Aunt Susie's never-tiring effort to show the cousins the great need of letter writing—plain and forcible in expression, and the pleasure of, and the real benefit to be derived from letter writing. And to give the world at large something of what you know and of what you dearly love. Of course we need not think right at the beginning that we can write such strikingly forcible letters as Sarge Plunkett or Bill Arp, Bill Nye (Bill is dead now), or our beloved Earnest Willie, but we should not get discouraged if we don't at first succeed, for most every one has troubles to overcome, obstacles to remove and many things to do before they can reach the top rung of the ladder of success, but when they reach it they are proud of themselves, for the victory is theirs—the longed-for goal is reached, and then they can look back over the past and say: "I had many hard battles to fight, and many foes to overcome, but I never gave up in despair; I bestirred myself like a man, and am proud of my success, for which I so much longed." But we should not be content to be a philosopher or an orator, lecturer, etc., but be an earnest, ardent Christian—the most important part of one's life. Success to The Constitution and its many readers.

No Place for Thought.

Teacher—Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about? Tommy—I was just thinking about something.

Teacher—You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again.—Answers.

Ode to a Spruce Pine.

You cute little spruce pine,
So dainty and sweet,
Are you not lonesome
For some one to greet?

No birds in your branches
To sing you to sleep;
No other tree near you
To help you to weep.

I'll come back to you
Some other day fair;
I love your sweet odor,
Little pine of the air.

I'll rest me 'neath your shadow
After climbing dizzy height;
I'll lean against your body
And stay while lasts the light.

And should I longer linger,
'Till darkness o'er us creeps,
Won't you be my protector
And shield me while I sleep?

And I will love you dearly
And come again some time,
To bear you company,
Dear little spruce pine.

—E. C. R.
Written on Point Lookout, De Lamar, Nevada, by a reader of The Junior.

IN THE SCHOOLS.

Fair Street School.

The grades have been very busy with their examinations for the month. The honor rolls will appear next week, and the scholars are waiting patiently for their reports.

The eighth grade will have recitations Friday and a debate the next Friday. The question is: "Resolved, That the United States should recognize Cuba as a belligerent power." Those on the negative side are: Claud Allen, Paul Peacock, Oliver Herren, Pearl Asbury, Morie Mahan, Mary Hagan, Alma Brown, Aulean Acker, Bessie Austin and Alma Burney. Those on the affirmative are: Mary Chapman, Blanche



OSCAR HIGHTOWER.
Honor Pupil, Third Grade, Fair Street School.

Vining, Essie May Means, Carl Giles, Willie Cowan, Arthur Fischer, Bertha Bean, Mary McKown, Lula Pelham and Beulah Elliott.

Professor Davis came to our school last week and seemed much pleased with the music.

The seventh and eighth grades received \$9.5 in music and the sixth grade received \$9. The banner for attendance this week goes to the second grade.

Professor Bass visited up this week and was very much pleased with the grammar in the eighth grade. The two first grades are doing nicely since their division.

Mary Chapman.

Ivy Street School.

"Old Ivy" will send a few of her pupils to "normal class" tomorrow to show what they know, or it may be, what they don't know, and some of our hearts are going pit-a-pat lest we should be classed among the latter.

The banner was won by the seventh grade last week, that grade having had 100 in attendance. In the seventh grade



KATE DOZIER.
Honor Pupil, Seventh Grade of Marietta Street School.

there are two sides, known as the red and blue. Miss Fannie Turner is captain of the blue and Master Harold Wey of the red.

On Friday the side that has the smallest number of demerits are privileged to read magazines from their library for twenty minutes. Last week the blue were four and one-half in advance of the red.

We enjoyed a visit from Professor Bass last Friday.

Being busy with examinations last week we hadn't time to get up much news for The Junior. Hope to have something more interesting for next week.

Mina Lou Blount.

West End School.

We have all been busy this week with our monthly examinations, and have nothing of special importance to report.

The third grade had a spelling match this morning and forty-five out of sixty were perfect.

The seventh grade has got a collection of the American and English poets. This grade today had recitations from Annie Fuller, Harry Stovall, Nannie Stephens, Henry Morgan and Ethel Claridy.

The eighth grade society had interesting programmes last Friday and today. Ralph Humphries and Carlton Smith make good officers.

Dora May Smith.

Crew Street School.

I have decided by the kind request of The Junior to let the readers hear from our busy school occasionally. Last week Professor Davis made his regular visit for musical inspection of the school, and according to his judgment all the grades did well, but the eighth received the highest mark, which was 90.

We, like most of the other schools, have a debating society. In fact there are two or three in the school and Miss Roach and her assistants are doing all they can to

fit us for life. Friday last the eighth grade debating society met and discussed the question, "Resolved, That education should be compulsory." There was much argument presented on both sides, but it was decided in favor of the affirmative.

We girls take as much interest in the debates as the boys, and I believe we could defeat them if a test were made.

Our school is being enlarged and when the carpenter lays aside his tools we will have a fifteen-room building at our disposal.

We are expecting a visit from Professor Bass, and hope he won't disappoint us.

Lula Wootton.

Boys' High School.

In last week's issue of The Junior there appeared pictures of Miss Bessie Seidel and Mr. Atherton Seidel and an article in which it was stated that they were brother and sister. I wish to correct this error and state that they are in no way related.

The third grade roll of honor for February, which has been somewhat delayed on account of providential causes is as follows: Mayfield, 97.1; Haas, 96.4; Cole, 95.2; Hale, 95.1.

The contest for the valedictory grows more and more exciting as the close draws near and the participants are eager for the result. Mr. Harry Hale is now leading the race with the highest average for the last three terms, although he has a very formidable rival in the person of Mayfield. Mr. Hale was for some time the president of the Alcephronian Literary and Debating Society, and the manner in which he performed his duties clearly illustrates his brilliancy and force of character.

After studying for some time the question of education one of the members of the faculty has at last arrived at the following conclusion: "Education is concentration." The definition is certainly a very excellent one, and by investigating the subject it will be found that it is absolutely correct. The same member is very fond of maxims, and his conclusions are always of the very best.

"Resolved, That the career of Cromwell was more beneficial than harmful to England" was the question debated in the hall of the Alcephronian Literary and Debating Society on the 20th instant. One of the best speeches of the occasion was delivered by Mr. Walter Rich on the affirmative side, and it greatly influenced the president in his decision. The chair decided that the strongest argument was presented by the affirmative, but on two-thirds vote of the house it was reversed and the victory declared to belong to the negative. In next week's issue the new rolls will be published and the honors distributed will be announced.

Jay Youngblood.

Miss Winter's School.

I have never seen a notice from Miss Winter's school in The Junior and thought I would write and send a list of honor pupils. We have some as bright girls and boys as there are in the city. Our honor roll is as follows:

Clara Owens, 99; Alfred Owens, 99; Eugene Dickerson, 97; Maud Hatcher, 97; Rex Hoffman, 97; Nellie Gallagher, 96; Hugh Eldson, 96; Lewis Warner, 95; D. T. Bussey, 95; Hugh Warner, 95; Aline Owens, 95.

Next Friday we will organize a literary club.

Our teacher has many plans for our Saturdays' enjoyment and as soon as the weather gets warm and pleasant we expect to have many a jolly trip to the woods.

J. W. Carter.

Hunter's School.

The debate on Friday was one of great interest and benefit. Mr. Russell C. Mitchell, with his "tenth legion," led the affirmative, and Mr. J. W. Chesnut, with his "army of the ten thousand," led the negative. After a long and bloody contest, the negative side came out victorious.

The subject was: "Resolved, That the United States should resent the insult offered to her flag by Spain with war."

The executive committee has arranged an excellent programme for our next meeting and any one who fail to be present will miss a treat. The society is progressing magnificently under the new officers and great work will surely be accomplished.

Last week Professor Hunter made out the red or honor list. The following students were on it: Messrs. Cheshire, Collier, Hallman, DeWitt Jones and Hoyt Lipes.

Those who were on the black list were in great discomfiture and exclaimed with deep emotion these words: "Woe! Woe! O earth! O Apollo! We are left. We will accost the gates of hades and make our prayers that we may receive a mortal blow."

Mr. Samuel Y. Tupper, Jr., has just left to enter college. We wish him success and happiness in his new life.

Gwin Lipes.

Mrs. Prather's Home School.

On Wednesday morning last after prayers, Miss Eva glanced over in the corner behind the music chart at a number of small tin buckets and rolls of stiff paper lying there, and said, "Edna, tell Mary that I need five more buckets for the drawing class." Before we had put away our copy books the maid came in with the buckets swinging by the handles, and put them down in front of the desk. Among them was a red one with a top, somewhat smaller than the others, and it made a spot of color in the group. Presently Miss Eva took up the paper, rolled it deftly into double scrolls, and sent the sophomore upstairs to study. Now I was of the sophos, and I don't remember seeing that bucket again until Friday afternoon, when I looked over and saw it shining in the dark corner behind the music chart. As I looked the bucket smiled back at me and said to the roll of paper at its side, "This is a pleasant place I'm in the last three days." And the roll of paper answered, "Middling pleasant." And the bucket said, "Who's that golden-haired child over there?" And the paper answered, "That's Edna." And the bucket said, "Is she a smart child?" And the roll of paper replied, "Well, the other day Mrs. Prather said, 'What was Linnaeus remarkable for?' and the girl spoken to replied, 'Linnaeus invented the stamens and the pistils of flowers.' 'What?' said Mrs. Prather. 'Why that is as bad as saying that Franklin invented electricity!'

Edna, who was listening, spoke up: 'Why, Mrs. Prather, he did! You know Franklin did invent electricity!' said she. 'You don't say so?' said Mrs. Prather, 'and what Edna was God doing while Franklin was inventing electricity?' 'Why don't you know?' said Edna, 'but I suppose he was helping Franklin.'

"And who," said the bucket, "are those two little bits of girls studying great big books?" And the roll of paper answered: "Those are Damon and Pythias, or David and Jonathan." "Indeed!" said the bucket. "I never before heard of a little lady having an alias!" "Well," said the roll of paper, "these have three—the little one with the biggest books is Damon or Jonathan or Jean Farley, and the one with the music roll is Florina Richardson or David or Pythias." "Well, did you ever?" said the bucket. "Yes," said the roll of paper, "but they say that is nothing to what they were at six years of age. At that time they were so small they could scarcely be seen, but they were heard. Dr. Richardson had just returned from Europe, and he and Mr. Farley were boarding their families at the Ballard house. David and Jonathan were as you see them now. David spent much time cultivating her manners, and was a favorite at court on that account."

"And who," said the bucket, "is that dark-eyed child in the red dress?" "She is called Christine," said the roll of paper. "Did you hear her tell Miss Emily about that guimpe she is obliged to wear at commencement? That's the one—saw it and one time I've heard of that guimpe." "When is commencement?" said the bucket. "Three months off," said the roll of paper.

"Well," said the bucket, "do you know I'm so thankful to be here. I have lived in the kitchen for the most part, and the



BESSIE ADAMSON.
She Never Fails to Get First on the Honor Roll in Marietta Street School.

first time I was in here at prayers two little girls sat in those two red desks, one had a pair of blue, blue eyes, like forget-me-nots, and the other, a pair of blue, blue eyes like sapphires. I kept looking at the forget-me-nots and saying 'was there ever anything so sweet?' and then I would look at the sapphires and say, 'Was there ever anything more beautiful?' 'Humph!' said the roll of paper. 'Those were Jane Thornton and Nellie Deveney. I'm not much moved by beauty since I heard the girls reading in Sallust that it is fleeting and frail. I regard intellectualty as far more desirable.'

A JUNIOR WRITER.

Little Mabel Frank Finds Time To Write Stories and Poems.

Little Miss Mabel Frank is the daughter of Mr. Harry Frank, who lives at 317 Washington street. She is only twelve years old and is in the fifth grade of Fraser street school.

Mabel has written several pretty little poems for The Junior and last week she sent a little story, which is printed below.



MABEL FRANK.

just as she wrote it. She is very fond of writing and is continually writing little poems and stories.

JAMES'S REWARD.

James Russell was a good boy, but he often, like many other boys, found it hard to do right when boys tempted him to do wrong.

One day James came out of school and had no sooner turned the corner than some of the boys proposed to set Farmer Jones's barn afire.

James had made up his mind that he would help. "Mother did not say I shouldn't, and it will be so much fun," he said to himself.

But in spite of these thoughts James said: "What will mother and grandpa say if I set the barn on fire?"

"No, I will not do it," he said half aloud. When the boys reached the farmer's house James said:

"Boys, I am not going to help put the barn on fire," and ran homeward as fast as he could go.

The rest of the boys set it on fire and it caught to the house, but they were all punished and sent to jail.

James was very glad he did not help, and he got his reward for having some good lemon pie for dinner while the other boys had bread and water.

Evidently He Was Bow-Legged.

Gena—Sister, there's a young gentleman down in the parlor wants to see you.

Sister—Who is he, dearie?
Gena—Well, I don't know his name, but he's the one that looks so much like a wishbone.

TWO YOUNG EDITORS.

They Are Editors and Proprietors of The Saturday Herald.

Master Ben Daniel and Master George Threacraft, editors of The Saturday Herald, a little paper published here, are among the brightest boys in the city.

Ben was born in Albany, Ga., and is now just thirteen years old, while George, who



Ben Daniel. George Threacraft.

was born in Savannah, is only twelve. They have the honor of being the youngest editors in the state. The Herald is a bright little paper which has been running for nearly two years. Ben and George are editors and sole proprietors. The circulation of their paper is near seven hundred. Both boys attend Calhoun street school. They work faithfully on their paper and have made it a success, as is shown by the way in which they stick to it.

A LITTLE HOSTESS.

Josephine Davis Entertains Friends on Her Seventh Birthday.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th instant, from 3 to 6 o'clock, Josephine Davis, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan P. Davis, entertained her little friends at a "pink heart" party, in honor of her seventh birthday. After playing many interesting games beneath the softened luster of light falling through delicate pink shades, refreshments were served to the guests from a table exquisite in every appointment. In the center a large mirror represented a lake, upon whose waveless surface a heart-shaped cake rested, and sustained seven lighted candles, while beautiful smilax fell in graceful folds to the water's edge. A fairy lamp shone on a large smilax heart, which depended from the chandelier. At one end of the table seven La France roses wafted their perfume to seven pink carnations at the other side. One of the most enjoyable features was the cutting of the birthday cake, containing a beautiful diamond ring, the fortunate winner being George Everett. As each little guest departed, leaving many wishes and expressions of a most delightful time, he or she was presented with a souvenir basket of bon-bons, daintily tied with pink ribbons.

Miss Annie Louise Dennis delighted the company with a waltz, finely executed, while little Miss Wright, from Rome, reminded every one of a French marquise with her dainty little figure robed in filmy white, her hair like prisoned moonbeams in the light, and dark, shining eyes.

There were present: Athena Hill, Lillian Woodside, Claud Patterson, Nannette Crawford, Alice Ormond, Laura Witham, Nellie Bell Catlett, Helen Ware, Annie Louise Dennis, Alberta Orr, Fannie Peck, Jennie Hutchins, May Robson, May Van Devender, Clara Hutchins, Minnetta Hill, Josephine Davis, Jennie Butler, Mata Woodward, Addie Wright, Clarence Davis, Emerson Peck, Paul Orr, Harold Fuller, Fred Patterson, George Everett, Clayton Orr, Hoyt Peck, Wilson Sheldon, Stewart Witham, Starr Peck, Reid Ware, Johnny Woodside, Roger Gadden, Donald Fuller, Dan Woodward, Charley Randall, Alf Ford, Wayne McDonald, Dawson McDonald.

The little hostess was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

St. Luke's Boys' Club.

The attendance upon the meeting of the St. Luke's Boys' Club was very good indeed, and the committee on literary entertainments reported that a debate had been selected on the Cuban question, with Edmund Bridge as leader for the affirmative and Robert Harris as leader for the negative.

The discussion was very good on both sides, but Mr. Harris, with his lengthy manuscript, pulled his side over the line and they were declared winners by the judges.

The balance of the evening was spent in playing games and swinging Indian clubs that our kind friend, Mr. Weathers, gave to the club. These are the very things to get up a good muscle for baseball and football this summer, and some of the boys are hard at it.

Our library is increasing at every meeting. Mr. Stoney presented the club with a set of books in five volumes, entitled, "Stories by American Authors."

Refreshments of iced cakes were served.

J. V. Gresham.

The W. A. D. Society.

The Wednesday Afternoon Debating Society met March 18th, at the home of Harry Hall, on Merritts avenue.

The subject debated was, "Resolved, That the United States should send money and ammunition to the Cuban insurgents." The affirmatives were: Fort Scott, John Holmes and Joe Nutting, and the negatives were: Fred Cundy and Hugh Scott. After a hard struggle the president decided in favor of the affirmative, but if all the negatives had been present the result might have been exactly the other way.

Our next programme will consist of reading and compositions and the club will meet at Rob Stephens's.

Hugh M. Scott.

An Animal with an Anchor.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

RRRR

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS
COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DYPNOEA, HEMIPLEGIA, ETC.
CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

ACHES and PAINS.

For headache whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

TAKEN INWARDLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water for stomach troubles, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, Cold Chills, Fever and Ague, Diarrhoea, Sick Headache and all internal pains.

Price 50c per Bottle. Sold by All Drug-gists.

spring

time

new blood!!!

good whisky is what you want; healthful and stimulating; helps you up; gives new energy and life and vim and push, but the whisky must be good.

"old velvet"!!!

that's the kind; at all first-class bars or our stores.

bluthenthal "b.b.b."

& bickart

all sorts of whisky.

hells, 2251 marietta and forsyth sts.

OPUM

and Whiskey Habits cured at home with

Atlanta, Ga. Office 104 1/2 Whitehall St.

Our Method Never Fails to Cure.

All diseases that have been neglected or

failed to yield to the treatment of less

skillful hands, treated with our

treatment. Sufferers wishing speedy relief

and a sure cure should call on or write to

Dr. H. N. Stanley & Co., for their

sympptom blanks.

SPECIALTIES:

Syphilis,

Stricture,

Gonorrhea,

Gleet,

Hydrocele,

Varicocele,

Lost Manhood,

Night Losses,

Piles and all

Rectal Dis-

eases.

Office room 202 Norcross building, No.

24 Marietta street, corner of Peachtree

and Marietta streets, Atlanta, Ga. Hours

8 to 12 m. 2 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday

10 to 4 p. m.

Death Claim No. 4.

Barnesville, Ga., Mar. 10, 1896.

Bankers' Guarantee Fund Life As-

sociation, Atlanta, Ga:

Gentlemen—

In acknowledging receipt of check

for \$2,000, and return of the Guar-

antee Fund deposit, amounting to

\$24.00, on Insurance Policy No.

1240, in your association, held by

C. C. Holmes, deceased, I can but

appreciate the speedy settlement.

Payment was made in full three

days after proof of loss was fur-

nished the association.

Yours truly,

J. G. HOLMES,

Guardian for Bessie Gray Holmes.

Twenty and one-half months old. About

\$5,000 insurance written.

Agents can give satisfactory refer-

ence can secure probable contracts. Ad-

dress Craig Colwell, general manager,

51-53 Equitable building, Atlanta, Ga.

SINCE THE WAR

RHEUMATISM radically CURED in every

case since 1861, with Farnham's Prescrip-

tion 100-384. Prepared by Muller, 42

University Pl., N. Y. MUSCULAR, GOUTY, SCIAT-

IC, INFLAMMATORY, etc. of the nerves, caus-

ing a degeneration of the nerve. All

drugs. Book Free. Avoid imitations.

ENJOY LIFE—Blissful Bitters once a day, will

give you Strong Stomach, Active Liver, Good

Health. Sold Everywhere. 75c and \$1.25.

Old Oscar Pepper

10c per drink at the Spenger, 12 Walcott.

One dollar per quart.

TRUNKS.

NEW AUTOMATIC PATENT.

We Move Muzzing of Goods. Any Other

Can Work It. Easily Raised.

Never Gets Out of Order.

If you see this Trunk you won't get

any other. I have secured the patent

right for Atlanta and am now manu-

facturing them. Call and see them.

L. LIEBERMAN.

Atlanta Trunk Factory, 25 Whitehall.

Branch Store at Railroad Crossing.

... THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF

Damage Suits

By Royal Daniel.

Many Miraculous Escapes from Certain Death Which

Are Daily Brought to Light in the Courts.

In the deluge of damage suits which are

daily filed by lawyers against the railroads

many amusing incidents are to be found

which destroy the pathos of the petitions

and add humor in such decided quantities

as to make the court and jury laugh im-

moderately when the case is called for

trial and the allegations are read.

As inconsistent as is human life, the in-

consistencies frequently discovered in a

damage petition can never be explained.

The plaintiff is all but killed; his injuries

are strung out in words that cannot be

pronounced and his brain is in a state of

concussion; his limbs are mangled; his neck

is twisted and his spinal column bent and

tied in knots, but out of the wreck which

is certain death to the average mortal

these plaintiffs arise in health and strength

to testify against the road.

A man, strong in the vigor of his man-

hood, will sit on the witness stand and

swear that he was broken in body, his legs

knocked in hard knots and his heart ruptured

on account of the negligence of an em-

ployee of the road from which he received

his injuries. He will diagnose his case, tell

of the escaping steam and horrible cries

of the wounded, the fearful thud of the

crashing trains and acres of scattered

wreckage, but on his face will be a tri-

umphal smile.

Damage suits are like Carter's prover-

bial oats; they spring up in the dead of

night like a mushroom; they come from all

quarters of the earth, and in every con-

ceivable manner injuries are received

which cause the jurors to start from their

seats in alarm and even the judges on the

bench shivers and turns from the awful

scene of imaginary death and destruction.

The lawyers move uneasily in their seats

and the balliffs wander absently about the

room with agony written upon their faces.

The lawyer reads on; the plaintiff was a

man of good health and was earning a

fair living for his family, but has been to-

ally destroyed by the use of both arms and

legs, his mind has been injured and his

family is wanting for the necessities of life.

As he reads the faces of the jurors become

sober and a tear drops may start. Con-

tinuing the attorney tells of the wreck

and the fearful experience. The court

groans bodily, and then, as it glances at

the petitioner, the look of agony is lost

in the genial smile which invariably fol-

lows and the petition is treated as a huge

joke.

Some of the descriptions of injuries re-

ceived are so ludicrous that the balliff is

compelled to rap the court to order. But

here are a few of the petitions which can

be taken as a fair average of those which

present the facts to the jurors.

Not many days ago a passenger was

ejected from a car by the conductor. The

conductor stated that the train was run-

ning very slowly when the passenger stepped

upon the ground. As he alighted from

the steps of the car a passing switch en-

gine struck him and knocked him from

the end of a cross tie to the ground. The

petition which was filed by the attorneys

of the man who was put off the following de-

scription of his injuries is given:

"A large gash was cut on the left side

of his head near his left eye; dislocated his

right shoulder; broke and dislocated his

also the metatarsal bone of the big toe was

crushed and the scaphoid bone was also

crushed; blood poisoning and gangrene have

set in; the ligaments were stretched and

ruptured; plaintiff's back was twisted,

bent, strained and curved, and he will for-

ever suffer the most excruciating pain.

The last clause seems to have been en-

tirely unnecessary. The wonder is that the

plaintiff was alive.

Damage suits are on the increase; they are

daily multiplying in number and many law-

yers have confined their practice entirely

to this class of litigation. There are times

when one law firm will hand in a batch

of damage suits which represent many

thousands of dollars damages. Were the

plaintiffs to receive verdicts for the full

amount of their suits every corporation in

the country would be financially embar-

assed before the present year has expired,

but the juries have long ago sized up this

class of business and a fearful discount of

the original amount sued for is generally

made. Suits in which the damages are

placed in the four and five figures are cut

down to a nominal sum and where the pe-

tition prays for thousands the verdict

reads hundreds.

The railroads are the greatest sufferers,

and the amount of money annually paid out

by some of the larger roads for settling

the payrolls. Passengers bring suits for be-

ing carried beyond their destination and

ask damages if the train does not stop

sufficiently long for them to alight. Em-

ployees sue for damages for the loss of a

finger or the spraining of a muscle. There

are suits that come from all directions,

and the vast army of men employed to

affect settlements before the case is reach-

ed in the courts.

But, after all damage suits are not to be

spoken lightly of, for they are a source

of revenue to the lawyers as well as to

the plaintiffs, and the cases in the law

keep the salaries of judges and court offi-

cials well up to date.

THE MAJOR'S TYPEWRITER.

About 5,000 McKinley Love Letters

Find Their Way Into Indiana.

From The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Indianapolis, March 12.—I do not know

whether Major McKinley, in working up

sentiment for his presidential aspirations,

has a young woman or not to whom he

dictates those pleasant little typewritten

letters that have reached every voting

precinct in this state, but I do know that

they have much to do in strengthening

the original McKinley vote and winning

the wavering. Without the typewriter he

could not have reached one-half the In-

dianan vote in his presidential campaign.

The petition which was filed by the attorneys

of the man who was put off the following de-

scription of his injuries is given:

"A large gash was cut on the left side

of his head near his left eye; dislocated his

right shoulder; broke and dislocated his

collar bone; mashed and bruised his breast;

strained, wrenched and mashed his spinal

column; badly mashed and partially par-

alyzed his bowels; detached the pelvis from

the spinal column; dislocated both hips

and mashed and bruised him; tore a large

piece of flesh from his right thigh to the

bone. The nerves and leaders in both

thighs were strained and bruised; the knee

cap of his left knee was dislocated; his

right ankle was dislocated; his spine was

seriously and permanently injured by

what is commonly called spinal concussion;

the sciatic nerve of both thighs was crushed

and bruised and permanently injured and

that the plaintiff has suffered and will

forever continue to suffer the most ex-

cruciating pains and agony."